

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

Vol. XXVIII.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914

NO 1

SUIT CALLS FOR WIDOW'S SHARE

This Does Not Worry Vol. Because He Claims She Settled Accounts

THE QUESTION IS, DID SHE?

The Point That is to be Settled Is Whether Mrs. Dowie Gave Up Her Claim of Her Estate or Not

The filing some time ago of the suit by Mrs. Jane Dowie whereby she expects to obtain the widow's dower interest in the entire Zion City estate because of the fact that she was the legal wife of Dowie when he died brings out interesting situations as the possibility of the future.

In this connection it is recalled that Mrs. Dowie, not long after her husband died, and at the time Voliva was striving to control the estate was in financial distress for some time. It is then recalled that she went into court and according to statements made now, she made a statement whereby she was said to have received equities which were to satisfy entirely her claim against her husband's estate.

Among the things which she secured was the beautiful summer home known as Ben McDuff, in Michigan. She kept that a few years, ran it as a summer resort two summers and then later sold it. She also secured furnishings of their old home in Zion and various other items which went to make up what she is said to have accepted as her full apportionment of the estate left by Dowie.

At that time it did not look as if she would be much left of the Dowie estate. In fact, that it subsequently to property of value is added to the fact that Voliva, having the deal whereby he would be left of it. It is argued by Voliva that she had not taken over the estate.

The fact would have dwindled to "Stuyvesant Ogden" in the receiver's hands, millions of dollars, and property has increased in value and now comes the present Dowie to acquire her share of the estate.

It is argued by Voliva that she is not worrying about a claim. It is said he will be able to pay the court the signed agreement. Voliva made when she took the court allotted her in full settlement for her claim as Dowie's widow and thus entitled to a third interest in the estate. Whether she felt at that time she better grab what she could before it was all gone, would not, it is said, be any defense now in her claim for her proper share in the estate.

Looking at the matter concisely, the question is pertinent: If Mrs. Dowie signed an agreement some years ago to take Ben McDuff and other property in full settlement for her interests in what her husband may have left, has she a claim now to her widow's dower or did she by signing such a paper, forego any claim she may have had under the law? The court will have to settle the matter and it is admitted there will be a big fight on the proposition.

Red Sox Gets Trimmed

The ball game at Wilmot, Sunday between Wilmot and the Red Sox resulted in a defeat for the local team with the score standing 18 to 10. The Antioch boys were not in fighting trim and it was no disappointment to them when they lost the game. Only six of the regular team were on the job, and the substitutes were fellows who have been out of practice a long time and who stepped in to fill the gap in order to have the game go on. In the first three innings they failed to make a score but when in the fourth they piled up four their spirits began to raise, hope was soon destroyed however when in the next inning their opponents made eight thus placing them so far in the lead that it was impossible for the Red Sox to save the day.

SCORE BY INNINGS

Antioch.....0 0 0 4 0 1 2 0 3—10
Wilmot.....3 3 0 2 2 0 2 0 1—18

WOMAN'S DRESS CATCHES ON FIRE WHEN OIL STOVE EXPLODES

Mrs. John Goshen of Chicago, had a narrow escape from burns received on Friday at the Lake county fair and considerable excitement was caused about the midway when flames shooting from an exploded gasoline stove spread to her dress making it necessary to roll her about on the ground before they could be extinguished.

The woman, who was with her husband at the time was walking near the east end of the grand stand when the stove in one of the lunch concessions exploded. The blue flames of the oil shot out into the promenade and before her husband could jerk her back her skirt caught fire. The crowd was thick at the time and as soon as the woman's plight was seen space was made on the ground and she was rolled around in an effort to put out the fire.

Fortunately the woman was not injured but the shock and excitement of the accident was too much for her and she fainted away. She was then taken to the ladies' rest room.

Young Couple Married Sunday

On Sunday, Sept. 6, in Waukegan was solemnized the marriage of Miss Cora Johnson and William F. Christian both well known young people of this place.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Johnson who reside east of town and the groom is numbered among the business men of this village having conducted a blacksmith shop here for the past three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian will make their future home here and will begin housekeeping in the house which has been the property of Mr. Christian for some time and which he had all in readiness for the reception of his bride.

The many friends of the young couple are offering them most hearty wishes for a pleasant voyage on the matrimonial sea.

"Sabotage." Sabotage has been defined as "striking but staying on the payroll." It is the means taken by discontented workmen to interfere with the machinery of their employer's production, and if possible to force him to consider their demands without actually going on strike. Briefly, sabotage means poor work, done deliberately, with the definite purpose of causing the greatest possible annoyance to the employer.

Keeping Glue in Condition.

The family bottle of glue generally becomes a great nuisance and of little use after it has been opened for a few days. It becomes hardened and impossible to use. It may be softened by heat or by adding a teaspoonful or more of vinegar to the bottle, and allowing it to stand for a few minutes. If the bottle can be kept in a warm place all of the time it will stay soft as long as there is any left.

Impossible Illustration.

Examined on history at West Point, Whistler failed to recall the date of the battle of Buena Vista. "Suppose," said the exasperated instructor, "you were to go to dinner and the company began to talk of the Mexican war, and you, a West Point man, were asked the date of the battle; what would you do?" "Do?" was the reply. "Why, I should refuse to associate with people who could talk of such things at dinner!"

Burning Metal Under Water.

A flame to be used by divers to burn away metal under water has been tested, and is found below the surface it made a hole one inch in width in a plate of iron nearly an inch thick. The flame used is of the ordinary oxyhydrogen type. It is enclosed in a bell-shaped cover through which a jet of compressed air is blown. The air drives away the water sufficiently to allow the flame to burn.

To Tell When Rain Will Begin to Fall.

First, find the distance of the cloud by noting how many seconds elapse from the flash till the thunder, and divide the number by 5. This will give the number of miles. Then, after waiting a number of minutes, do the same again. This will show how much nearer the storm is now, or how fast it has approached in so many minutes, and knowing how many miles it is distant, it can easily be ascertained in how many minutes rain will begin to fall. Exchange.

Land Measures.

One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, 43,560 square feet. The side of a square must measure as follows to contain: Ten acres, 660 feet; one acre, 208.71; half acre, 147.68; third acre, 120.60; fourth acre, 104.38; eighth acre, 72.79.

RESULT OF TUESDAY'S ELECTION

Foss, Shurtleff, Vickers, Persons, McDonough, Hendee, Simpson, Griffin are the Republican Victors

G. E. FOSS A STRONG COME-BACK

A Very Light Vote Cast in the Country Districts, Farmers, Apparently, too Busy to Vote—Thompson Wins for Congress on Progressive Ticket

That Wednesday's primary was one of the most quiet that has ever been held in this village is a fact generally conceded by all, and also a fact for which not even the best versed politicians can account. With the number of candidates out for the office it was expected that there would be a hot time at the primary and a heavy vote was looked for. However just the reverse prevailed and when time for closing the polls arrived it was found that an unusually light vote was cast. In the first precinct a total of 154 votes were cast, 103 Republican, 15 Progressive and 31 Democrat. In the second precinct only 87 votes were cast, 71 Republican, 3 Progressive, 13 Democrat. Only one woman voted in this township and that vote was cast in the second precinct. As the women could only vote for one office only, and that being Clerk of Appellate court, they took no interest whatever in the matter as the number of votes cast plainly shows.

The entire vote cast in this township for County officers is given below:

Republican Ticket			
	1st Pre.	2d Pre.	Total
Persens.....	68	42	100
Orvis.....	40	22	62
Hendee.....	51	31	82
Waterfield.....	39	34	73
Griffin.....	70	49	119
McDonough.....	23	19	42
Roseng.....	64	38	102
Hepburn.....	11	8	19
Simpson.....	63	38	101
McKenzie.....	35	27	62
Precinct Committeemen			
Simons.....	1	0	
Tiffany.....	8	0	
Democrat Ticket			
Coulson.....	21	7	28
McMillen.....	17	9	26
Maether.....	17	7	24
Precinct Committeemen			
Morley.....	15		
James.....	5	1	
Progressive Ticket			
Barnes.....	1	0	1
Kent.....	2	1	3
Dix.....	2	1	3
Clark.....	3	1	4
Harnly.....	4	1	5

Aside from county officers the vote in Antioch township was:

For Congress (Rep.)	
Foss.....	52 34
Bulleck.....	38 29
For Representative (Rep)	
Shurtleff.....	137 96
Woodman.....	36 33
Vickers.....	69 17
Eger.....	37 28
Anderson.....	17 32
For Congressman (Dem)	
Sterrett.....	2 1
Waters.....	15 3
Dunham.....	1 1
Farrell.....	3 0
McGill.....	1 2
Representative (Dem)	
Graham.....	57 30
Freund.....	12 0
Congress (Prog)	
Thompson.....	4 2
Representative (Prog)	
Carr.....	1 0
Monroe.....	1 3
Hatch.....	40 3

Persons, Hendee, McDonough, Simpson and Griffin win in the county, while Shurtleff, Vickers, Graham, Monroe and Foss in the district. The only

available figures in the legislative situation in the eighth district are as follows and although they are incomplete yet they plainly indicate who the successful aspirants are:

Lake McHen. Boone To.			
Shurtleff.....	3723	5080	1700 10503
Woodman.....	2373		
Eger.....	2306		
Vickers.....	1374	4713	2200 8287
Anderson.....	2569		
Graham.....	1203		
Freund.....	497		
Carr.....	1264		
Monroe.....	7664		
Hatch.....	130		

(All 37 precincts in Lake county.)

The above figures show; all but one precinct of the 27 in McHenry county; 30 of 37 in Lake and practically all of Boone, Graham, according to the Harvard Herald late Wednesday night carried McHenry by a small margin, which added to Lake county's big vote for him makes his nomination by the democrats certain. The Harvard Herald says: "Monroe carried McHenry county over Hatch by a small margin."

It is noticed that thus Lake county is saved a place in the legislature this year by the fact that Graham is victor in the democratic ranks. Shurtleff and Vickers are McHenry county men and they walked off with the republican honors.

The Congressional situation when summed up showed that George Edmund Foss had again been nominated by the Republicans of the Tenth Congressional district.

W. S. Bullock of Waukegan a determined and for a time seemingly effective race against the former congressman. However, the latter's friends felt he had a hard task on his hands and while he met defeat, it is conceded that he did surprisingly well in the total showing he made.

Mr. Foss carried Lake county by 9000 votes and in Chicago he received the largest majority in his career.

Incomplete figures on U. S. Senator in Lake County late Wednesday night showed the following figures:

Sullivan D.....	139
Stringer D.....	78
Woods D.....	24
O'Hara D.....	5
Traynor D.....	11
Sherman R.....	973
Mason R.....	835
Childs R.....	70
Stein R.....	161

It is seen that Sherman carried Lake County although W. E. Mason formerly of Waukegan, was not far behind him.

Sullivan won the Democratic nomination for United States senator by an estimated plurality over Lawrence B. Stringer of more than 70,000. He carried Chicago by a lead of 55,000, with an added 5,000 from the country towns. At midnight returns from down state compiled by the Associated Press indicated Sullivan's downstate plurality over Stringer at least 10,000.

A very light vote was reported over the entire county and from every point comes the same report of an unaccountable lack of interest. Among the unexpected happenings of the day was the fact that Freund a McHenry county man carried Libertyville over Graham of Lake county by 63 to 42.

Roseng made a much better run than the Waukegan ring were willing to concede to him before the votes were counted and the fact that he came within 323 votes of McDonough the successful candidate speaks well for the Round Lake man.

TEST CASES STARTED VS. CO. TREASURER

Two suits aggregating close to \$15,000 were started against County Treasurer Carl P. Westerfield Thursday morning in circuit court by State's Attorney Dady, representing the County of Lake. This action was instituted at the instance of the Lake County Board of Supervisors who a few months ago instructed Mr. Dady to recover certain monies which they contend he is retaining unlawfully.

One suit is for commissions on inheritance tax; the amount named in the suit is \$7,530.89.

The other suit is for interest on funds on deposit in different banks in Lake county. The amount is \$7,343.90.

The suits cover a period of time from December 5th, 1910, when Mr. Westerfield entered upon his duties as county treasurer, up to June 1, of the present year.

Russell Wants Road Roller

Charles Russell, county superintendent of good roads, appeared before the board of supervisors this week and pointed out that it would be a good plan for the county to consider the purchase of a complete good roads outfit, including a steam roller, etc. He did not urge immediate action, but told what other counties are doing and said that if Lake county wishes to get the best possible results it should adopt some such plan.

He stated that it would be unwise to purchase such an outfit at this time as there would be little use for it until next spring. During the winter time, he says, the board could be looking into the merits of different outfits and determine which is the best bargain. He thinks that in this way the county could get a better price.

The members of the board listened to the suggestions of Mr. Russell and then placed the matter on file, deferring action until some later time.

Hunting License Necessary

Many well meaning citizens forget to take out a hunting license before they go afield with dog and gun. Others do not appear to know it is necessary to have a hunting license before they can shoot game.

They hunting season is now open for ducks, squirrels, doves and shore birds. Men found hunting without a license are liable to be arrested by game wardens and fined from twenty-five to fifty dollars.

District Warden, H. C. Wagner.

Man's Utter Foolishness.

Man is certainly stark mad; he can not make a worm, and yet he will be making gods by dozens.—Montaigne.

Remember This Motto.

George Stevenson was a man who accomplished very much during his lifetime. The motto which he had adopted and followed is credited with having had much to do with it. This motto was, "Make the best of everything, think the best of everybody, hope the best for yourself." Such a motto means optimism, charity and ambition—all of these in their highest character and in their fullest manifestation. It is a motto well worth copying.

Highland English.

English as she is spoke in the remote highlands is not exactly the tongue of the south, which fact is illustrated by a brief conversation which took place between three highland gillies, who had a sup each of the laird's own mountain dew. Says Toulga: "That was the fery pest whusky her namsel nefer tasted in all her purn taya!" Asseented Tonalit: "So did I neither." And Angus corroborated, "Neither did I, toel!"—London Globe.

Tremendous Wind Velocity.

A cyclone is freakish, but its pranks enable scientists to gather certain facts about it. First of all, the velocity of the wind can be calculated to a certain extent. The whirling speed of the cyclone is tremendous. The average velocity within the vortex of 600 such storms was found to be 392 miles an hour, the minimum being 270 and the maximum 800.

Not Affected by Dead Companion.

The supposed fear of death is one of the most salient instances of the fashion in which we are inclined to attribute our own sensations in animals. At the zoological gardens animals that are kept together often die, and there is no instance on record in which (except among carnivorous creatures which sometimes devour a dead companion) an animal has shown the slightest interest or apparent disturbance at the presence of its dead companion.

Love one who some man—

MRS. BUSSE SEEKS COURT AID

Widow of Fred Busse Claims His Brother George is Unfit to Run Farm

IS NOT LEGAL MANAGER

Widow Declares He Never Was Partner of Her Husband Despite His Claims

Foreman Levin and Robertson of Chicago Tuesday in Lake County circuit court filed a partition suit in behalf of Mrs. Fred Busse, widow of Chicago's former mayor in which she asks court action with reference to Pine Meadow farm, the \$50,000 property of the former mayor located at Fox Lake. Her step is directed against the former mayor's brother George Busse who is claiming that a partnership existed between him and his brother and therefore that he is entitled to his share of the property.

The bill fixes a valuation of \$35,000 on the farm and \$20,000 on the stock. Mrs. Busse alleges that George Busse always has been idle and convivial in his disposition and habits and that his brother always looked after him; that he purchased the farm and sent George there to look after his interests, paying him \$100 a month for his services.

She says he assumed the position as nominal manager but that her husband frequently threatened to discharge him and refrained from doing so only on intercessions from their mother. She adds that her husband, while a good business man, in his family affairs was tolerant and easy going and permitted George Busse to hold himself out manager and one of the proprietors of the farm largely, she says, with view of permitting George Busse to increase his self respect. She deems any partnership agreement existing between her husband and George Busse as void and she asks the court to declare the same as such and to award her the property.

She says that Geo. Busse has possession of all the books on the farm and the dairy business, pertaining to the farm, and she asks the court to order him to produce them and to order him to pay her \$10,000 Guernsey hard of prize of that he has refused her attorney's demand to said books or give her information about the business or even permitted her agents from on the farm.

She finally avers:

1.—That he never was a partner.

2.—That by reason of his conduct he is unfit to handle the business.

3.—That customers of the dairy have no confidence in him and she feels that they draw their business if he continues.

4.—That if he continues as he will misappropriate funds and he will misappropriate funds and he will misappropriate funds.

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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a room at the hotel. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the hotel and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Wrاندall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man, who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Half an hour later he departed, to rejoin her at eleven o'clock, when the reporters were to be expected. He was to do all the talking for her. While he was there, Leslie Wrاندall called her up on the telephone. Hearing but one side of the rather prolonged conversation, he was filled with wonder at the tactful way in which she met and parried the inevitable questions and suggestions coming from her horror-stricken brother-in-law. Without the slightest trace of offensiveness in her manner, she gave Leslie to understand that the final obsequies must be conducted in the home of his parents, to whom once more her husband belonged, and that she would abide by all arrangements his family elected to make. Mr. Carroll surmised from the trend of conversation that young Wrاندall was about to leave for the scene of the tragedy, and that the house was in a state of unspeakable distress. The lawyer smiled rather grimly to himself as he turned to look out of the window. He did not have to be told that Challis was the idol of the family, and that, so far as they were concerned, he could do no wrong!

After his departure, Mrs. Wrاندall gently opened the bedroom door and was surprised to find the girl wide-awake, resting on one elbow, her staring eyes fastened on the newspaper that topped the pile on the chair.

Catching sight of Mrs. Wrاندall she pointed to the paper with a trembling hand and cried out, in a voice full of horror:

"Did you place them there for me to read? Who was with you in the other room just now? Was it some one about the—some one looking for me? Speak! Please tell me. I heard a man's voice—"

The other crossed quickly to her side.

"Don't be alarmed. It was my lawyer. There is nothing to fear—at present. Yes, I left the papers there for you to see. You can see what a sensation it has caused. Challis Wrاندall was one of the most widely known men in New York. But I suppose you know that without my telling you."

The girl sank back with a groan.

"My God, what have I done? What will come of it all?"

"I wish I could answer that question," said the other, taking the girl's hand in hers. Both were trembling. After an instant's hesitation, she laid her other hand in the dark, disheveled hair of the wild-eyed creature, who still continued to stare at the headlines. "I am quite sure they will not look for you here, or in my home."

"In your home?"

"You are to go with me. I have thought it all over. It is the only way. Come, I must ask you to pull yourself together. Get up at once, and dress. Here are the things you are to wear." She indicated the orderly pile of garments with a wave of her hand.

Slowly the girl crept out of bed, confused, bewildered, stunned.

"Where are my own things? I—I cannot accept these. Pray give me my own—"

Mrs. Wrاندall checked her.

"You must obey me, if you expect me to help you. Don't you understand that I have had a— a bereavement? I cannot wear these things now. They are useless to me. But we will speak of all that later on. Come, be quick; I will help you to dress. First, go to the telephone and ask them to send a waiter to—these rooms. We must have something to eat. Please do as I tell you."

Standing before her benefactress, her fingers fumbling impotently at the neck of the night-dress, the girl still continued to stare dumbly into the calm, dark eyes before her.

"You are so good. I—I—"

"Let me help you," interrupted the other, deliberately setting about to remove the night-dress. The girl caught up as it slipped from her shoulders, a warm flush suffusing her face, a hamed look springing into her eyes.

"Thank you, I can—got on very well. I only wanted to ask you a question. It has been on my mind, thinking and sleeping. Can you tell me anything about—do you know his life?"

The question was so abrupt, so startling, that Mrs. Wrاندall uttered a little cry. For a moment she could not reply.

"I am so sorry, so desperately sorry," she added the girl plaintively.

"I know, her," the other managed to get out at last.

"I had only known that he had a wife," began the girl bitterly, almost

truly.

Mrs. Wrاندall grasped her by the

arm. "You did not know that he had a wife?" she cried.

The girl's eyes flashed with a sudden, fierce fire in their depths.

"God in heaven, no! I did not know it until— Oh, I can't speak of it! Why should I tell you about it? Why should you be interested in hearing it?"

Mrs. Wrاندall drew back and regarded the girl's set, unhappy face. There was a curious light in her eyes that escaped the other's notice—a light that would have puzzled her not a little.

"But you will tell me—everything—a little later," she said, strangely calm. "Not now, but—before many hours have passed. First of all, you must tell me who you are, where you live—everything except what happened in Barton's inn. I don't want to hear that at present—perhaps never. Yes, on second thoughts, I will say never! You are never to tell me just what happened up there, or just what led up to it. Do you understand? Never!"

The girl stared at her in amazement.

"But I—I must tell some one," she cried vehemently. "I have a right to defend myself—"

"I am not asking you to defend yourself," said Mrs. Wrاندall shortly. Then, as if afraid to remain longer, she rushed from the room. In the doorway, she turned for an instant to say: "Do as I told you. Telephone. Dress as quickly as you can." She closed the door swiftly.

Standing in the center of the room, her hands clenched until the nails cut the flesh, she said over and over again to herself: "I don't want to know! I don't want to know!"

A few minutes later she was critically inspecting the young woman who came from the bedroom attired in a street dress that neither of them had ever deemed before.

The girl, looking fresher, prettier and even younger than when she had seen her last, was in no way abashed. She seemed to have accepted the garments and the situation in the same spirit of resignation and hope; as if she had decided to make the most of her slim chance to profit by these amazing circumstances.

They sat opposite each other at the little breakfast table.

"Please pour the coffee," said Mrs. Wrاندall. The waiter had left the room at her command. The girl's hand shook, but she complied without a word.

"Now you may tell me who you are and—but wait! You are not to say anything about what happened at the inn. Guard your words carefully. I am not asking for a confession. I do not care to know what happened there. It will make it easier for me to protect you. You may call it conscience. Keep your big secret to yourself. Not one word to me. Do you understand?"

"You mean that I am not to reveal, even to you, the causes which led up to—"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," said Mrs. Wrاندall firmly.

"But I cannot permit you to judge me, to—well, you might say to acquit me—without hearing the story. It is so vital to me."

"I can judge you without hearing all of the—evidence, if that's what you mean. Simply answer the ques-

tions I shall ask, and nothing more. There are certain facts I must have from you if I am to shield you. You must tell me the truth. I take it you are an English girl. Where do you live? Who are your friends? Where is your family?"

The girl's face flushed for an instant and then grew pale again.

"I will tell you the truth," she said.

"My name is Hetty Castleton. My father is Col. Braild Castleton, of the British army. My mother is dead. She was Kitty Glynn, at one time a popular music hall performer in London. She was Irish. She died two years ago. My father was a gentleman. I do not say he is a gentleman, for his treatment of my mother leaves him from that distinction. He is in the far east, China, I think. I have not seen him in more than five years. He deserted my mother. That's all there is to that side of my story. I

appeared in two or three of the musical pieces produced in London two seasons ago, in the chorus. I never got beyond that, for very good reasons. I was known as Hetty Glynn. Three weeks ago I started for New York, sailing from Liverpool. Previously I had served in the capacity of governess in the family of John Duglong, a brewer. They had a son, a young man of twenty. Two months ago I was dismissed. A California lady, Mrs. Holcombe, offered me a situation as governess to her two little girls soon afterward. I was to go to her home in San Francisco. She provided the money necessary for the voyage and for other expenses. She is still in Europe. I landed in New York a fortnight ago and, following her directions, presented myself at a certain bank—I have the name somewhere—where my railroad tickets were to be in readiness for me, with further instructions. They were to give me twenty-five pounds on the presentation of my letter from Mrs. Holcombe. They gave me the money and then handed me a cablegram from Mrs. Holcombe, notifying me that my services would not be required. There was no explanation. Just that.

"On the steamer I met—him. His deck chair was next to mine. I noticed that his name was Wrاندall—'C. Wrاندall' the card on the chair informed me. I—"

"You crossed on the steamer with him?" interrupted Mrs. Wrاندall quickly.

"Yes."

"Had—had you seen him before? In London?"

"Never. Well, we became acquainted, as people do. He—was very handsome and agreeable." She paused for a moment to collect herself.

"Very handsome and agreeable," said the other slowly.

"We got to be very good friends. There were not many people on board, and apparently he knew none of them. It was too cold to stay on deck much of the time, and it was very rough. He had one of the splendid suites on the—"

"Pray omit unnecessary details. You landed and went—where?"

"He advised me to go to an hotel—I can't recall the name. It was rather an unpleasant place. Then I went to the bank as I have stated. After that I did not know what to do. I was stunned, bewildered. I called him up on the telephone and—he asked me to meet him for dinner at a queer little cafe, far down town. We—"

"And you had no friends, no acquaintances here?"

"No. He suggested that I go into one of the musical shows, saying he thought he could arrange it with a manager who was a friend. Anything to tide me over, he said. But I would not consider it, not for an instant. I had had enough of the stage. I—I am really not fitted for it. Besides, I am qualified—well qualified—to be governess—but that is neither here nor there. I had some money—perhaps forty pounds. I found lodgings with some people in Nineteenth street. He never came there to see me. I can see plainly now why he argued it would not be well, he used the word 'wise.' But we went occasionally to dine together. We went about in a motor—a little red one. He—he told me he loved me. That was one night about a week ago. I—"

"I don't care to hear about it," cried the other. "No need of that. Spare me the silly side of the story."

"Silly, madam? In God's name, do you think it was silly to me? Why—why, I believed him! And, what is more, I believe that he did love me— even now I believe it."

"I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Wrاندall calmly. "You are very pretty—and charming."

"I—I did not know that he had a wife until—well, until—" She could not go on.

"Night before last."

The girl shuddered. Mrs. Wrاندall turned her face away and waited.

"There is nothing more I can tell you, unless you permit me to tell all," the girl resumed after a moment of hesitation.

Mrs. Wrاندall arose.

"I have heard enough. This afternoon I will send my butler with you to the lodging house in Nineteenth street. He will attend to the removal of your personal effects to my home, and you will return with him. It will be testing fate, Miss Castleton, this visit to your former abiding place, but I have decided to give the law its chance. If you are suspected, a watch will be set over the house in which is quite unknown, you will run no risk in going there openly, nor will I be taking so great a chance as may appear in offering you a home, for the time being at least, as companion—or secretary or whatever we may elect to call it for the benefit of all inquirers. Are you willing to run the risk—this single risk?"

"Perfectly willing," announced the other without hesitation. Indeed, her face brightened. "If they are waiting for me, I shall go with them without a word. I have no means of expressing my gratitude to you for—"

"There is time enough for that," said Mrs. Wrاندall quickly. "And if they are not there, you will return to

me? You will not desert me now?"

The girl's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Desert you? Why do you put it in that way? I don't understand."

"You will come back to me?" insisted the other.

"Yes. Why—why, it means everything to me. It means life—more than that, most wonderful friend. Life isn't very sweet to me. But the joy of giving it to you for ever is the dearest boon I crave. I do give it to you. It belongs to you. I—I could die for you."

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At the corner below stood two patrol wagons, also waiting.

Inside the house sat the carefully selected guests, hushed and stiff and gratified. (Not because they were attending a funeral, but because the occasion served to separate them from the chaff; they were the elect.) It would be going too far to intimate that they were proud of themselves, but it is not stretching it very much to say that they counted noses with considerable satisfaction and were glad that they had not been left out. The real, high-water mark in New York society was established at this memorable function. As one after the other arrived and was ushered into the huge drawing-room, he or she was accorded a congratulatory look from those already assembled, a tribute returned with equal amiability. Each one noted who else was there, and each one said to himself that at last they really had something all to themselves. It was truly a pleasure, a relief, to be able to do something without being pushed about by people who didn't belong but thought they did. They sat back—stiffly, of course—and in utter stillness confessed that there could be such a thing as the survival of the fittest. Yes, there wasn't a nose there that couldn't be counted with perfect accuracy. It was a notable occasion.

Mrs. Wrاندall, the elder, had made out the list. She did not consult her daughter-in-law in the matter. It is true that Sara forestalled her in a way by sending word, through Leslie, that she would be pleased if Mrs. Wrاندall would issue invitations to as many of Challis's friends as she deemed advisable. As for herself, she had no wish in the matter; she would be satisfied with whatever arrangements the family elected to make.

It is not to be supposed, from the foregoing, that Mrs. Wrاندall, the elder, was not stricken to the heart by the lamentable death of her idol. He was her idol. He was her first-born, he was her love-born. He came to her in the days when she loved her husband without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard him as something more than a lover when Leslie came, so it was different. When their daughter Vivian was born, she was plainly annoyed but wholly respectful. Mr. Wrاندall was no longer the lover; he was her lord and master. The head of the house of Wrاندall was a person to be looked up to, to be respected and admired by her, for he was a very great man, but he was dear to her only because he was the father of Challis, the first-born.

In the order of her nature, Challis therefore was her most dearly beloved, Vivian the least desired and last in her affections as well as in sequence.

Strangely enough, the three of them perfected a curiously significant record of conjugal endowments. Challis had always been the wild, wayward, unrestrained one, and by far the most lovable; Leslie, almost as good looking but with scarcely a noticeable trace of charm that made his brother attractive; Vivian, handsome, selfish and as cheerless as the wind that blows across the leoberga in the north. Challis had been born with a widely enveloping heart and an elastic conscience; Leslie with a brain and a soul and not much of a heart, as things go; Vivian with a soul alone, which belonged to God, after all, and not to her. Of course she had a heart, but it was only for the purpose of pumping blood to remote extremities, and had nothing whatever to do with anything so unutterably extraneous as love, charity or self-sacrifice.

As for Mr. Redmond Wrاندall, he was a very proper and dignified gentleman, and old for his years.

It may be seen, or rather surmised, that if the house of Wrاندall had not been so admirably centered under its own vine and fig tree, it might have become divided against itself without much of an effort.

Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall was the vine and fig tree.

And now they had brought her dearly beloved son home to her, murdered and—disgraced. If it had been either

of the others, she could have said: "God's will be done." Instead, she cried out that God had turned against her.

Leslie had had the bad taste—or perhaps it was misfortune—to burst out an agonized "I told you so" at a time when the family was sitting numb and hushed under the blight of the first horrid blow. He did not mean to be unfeeling. It was the truth bursting from his unhappy lips.

"I knew Chal would come to this—I knew it," he had said. His arm was about the quivering shoulders of his mother as he said it.

She looked up, a sob breaking in her throat. For a long time she looked into the face of her second son.

"How can you—how dare you say such a thing as that?" she cried, aghast.

He colored, and drew her closer to him.

"I—I didn't mean it," he faltered.

"You have always taken sides against him," began his mother.

"Please, mother," he cried miserably.

"You say this to me now," she went on. "You who are left to take his place in my affection—why, Leslie, I—"

Vivian interposed. "Les is upset, mamma darling. You know he loved Challis as deeply as any of us loved him."

Afterwards the girl said to Leslie when they were quite alone: "She will never forgive you for that. Les. It was a heastly thing to say."

He bit his lip, which trembled.

"She's never cared for me as she cared for Chal. I'm sorry if I've made it worse."

"See here, Leslie, was Chal so—"

"Yes. I meant what I said a while ago. It was sure to happen to him one time or another. Sara had a lot to put up with."

"Sara! If she had been the right sort of a wife, this never would have happened."

"After all is said and done, Vivie, Sara's in a position to rub it in on us if she's of a mind to do so. She won't do it, of course, but—I wonder if she isn't gloating, just the same."

"Haven't we treated her as one of us?" demanded she, dabbing her handkerchief in her eyes. "Since the thing, I mean. Haven't we been to her?"

"Oh, I think she understands perfectly," said her brother.

"I wonder what she has said," mused Vivian, in that her sister-in-law out a little world as one of a burnt-out match.

"She will profit by his wisdom."

In Mrs. Wrاندall's room at the top of the house, the family—that is, the immediate family—a solitary woman in front of the door, fully ajar so that the door might be heard, the words of the mother as they ascended, a sonorous and precise, from the hall below. A misadventure was he who knew the buttered side of his bread. His discourse was to be a beautiful one. He stood at the front of the stairs and

He Did Not Mean to Be Unfeeling.

He faced the assembled listeners in the hall, the drawing room and the entrance, but his infinitely touching words went up one flight and lodged.

Sara Wrاندall sat a little to the left of and behind Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, about whom were grouped the three remaining Wrاندalls, father, son and daughter, closely drawn together. Well to the fore were Wrاندall's uncle and cousins and aunts, and one or two carefully chosen blood relations to the mistress of the house, whose hand had long been set against kinsmen of less exalted promise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beyond the Styx.

Plato—Lot me see. They condemned you to die, but permitted you to choose the manner of your death. Am I right? Soerates—That's right. I told them hemlock juice was my poison. I said ice cream first, but they made me guess again.—Puck.

The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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me? You will not desert me now?"

The girl's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Desert you? Why do you put it in that way? I don't understand."

"You will come back to me?" insisted the other.

"Yes. Why—why, it means everything to me. It means life—more than that, most wonderful friend. Life isn't very sweet to me. But the joy of giving it to you for ever is the dearest boon I crave. I do give it to you. It belongs to you. I—I could die for you."

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"Get up, my dear," she said gently.



"I Am Challis Wrاندall's Wife."

"I shall not ask you to do for me—if you do come back. I may be sending you to your death, as it is, but it is the chance we must take. A few hours will tell the tale. Now listen to what I am about to say—to propose. I offer you a home, I offer you friendship and I trust security from the peril that confronts you. I ask nothing in return, not even a word of gratitude. You may tell the people at your lodgings that I have engaged you as companion and that we are to sail for Europe in a week's time if possible. Now we must prepare to go to my own home. You will see to packing me—that is, our trunks—"

"Oh, it is—must be a dream!" cried Hetty Castleton, her eyes swimming.

"I can't believe—" Suddenly she caught herself up, and tried to smile. "I don't see why you do this for me. I do not deserve—"

"You have done me a service," said Mrs. Wrاندall, her manner so peculiar that the girl again assumed the stars of perplexity and wonder that had been permanent since their meeting; as if she were on the verge of grasping a great truth.

"What can you mean?"

Sara laid her hands on the girl's shoulders and looked steadily into the puzzled eyes for a moment before speaking.

"My girl," she said, ever so gently, "I shall not ask what your life has been; I do not care. I shall not ask for references. You are alone in the world and you need a friend. I too am alone. If you will come to me I will do everything in my power to make you comfortable and—contented. Perhaps it will be impossible to make you happy. I promise faithfully to help you, to shield you, to repay you for the thing you have done for me. You could not have fallen into gentler hands than mine will prove to be. That much I swear to you on my soul, which is sacred. I bear you no ill-will. I have nothing to avenge."

Hetty drew back, completely mystified.

"Who are you?" she murmured, still staring.

"I am Challis Wrاندall's wife."

CHAPTER IV.

While the Mob Waited.

The next day but one, in the huge old-fashioned mansion of the Wrاندalls in lower Fifth avenue, in the drawing-room directly beneath the chamber in which Challis was born, the impressive but grimly conventional funeral services were held.

Contrasting sharply with the somber, absolutely correct atmosphere of the gloomy interior was the exterior display of joyous curiosity that must have jarred severely on the high-bred sensibilities of the chief mourners, not to speak of the invited guests who had been obliged to pass between rows of gaping bystanders in order to reach the portals of the house of grief, and who must have reckoned with extreme distaste the cost of subsequent departure. A dozen raucous-voiced policemen were employed to keep back the hundreds that thronged the sidewalk and blocked the street. Curiosity was rampant. Ever since the moment that the body of Challis Wrاندall was carried into the house of his father, a motley, varying crowd of people shifted restlessly in front of the mansion, filled with gruesome interest in the ab-

solutely, unseen, animated by the hope that something sensational might happen if they waited long enough.

Motor after motor, carriage after carriage, rolled up to the curb and emptied its sober-faced, self-conscious occupants in front of the door with the great black bow; with each arrival the crowd surged forward, and names were uttered in undertones, passing from lip to lip until every one in the street knew that Mr. So-and-So, Mrs. This-or-That, the What-Do-You-Call-ems and others of the city's most exclusive but most garishly advertised society leaders had entered the house of mourning. It was a great show for the plebeian spectators. Much better than Miss So-and-So's wedding, said one woman who had attended the aforesaid ceremony as a maid in the well-dressed mob that almost wrecked the carriages in the desire to see the terrified bride. Better than a circus, said a man who held his little daughter above the heads of the crowd so that she might see the fine lady in a wild-beast fur. Swellest funeral New York ever had, remarked another, excepting one 'way back when he was a kid.

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IN ALL OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

There Is Hardly A Woman Who Does Not Rely Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Princeton, Ill.—"I had inflammation, hard headaches in the back of my neck and a weakness all caused by female trouble, and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with such excellent results that I am now feeling fine. I recommend the Compound and praise it to all. I shall be glad to have you publish my letter.

There is scarcely a neighbor around me who does not use your medicine."—Mrs. J. F. JOHNSON, R. No. 4, Box 30, Princeton, Illinois.

Experience of a Nurse.
Poland, N.Y.—"In my experience as a nurse I certainly think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a great medicine. I wish all women with female troubles would take it. I took it when passing through the Change of Life with great results and I always recommend the Compound to all my patients. I will gladly do all I can to help others to know of this great medicine."—Mrs. HONACE NEWMAN, Poland, Herkimer Co., N.Y.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Brentwood

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and growth to Gray or faded Hair. Cleanses and softens the scalp.

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR WEAK SORE EYES

The Psychology of It.
Stuyvesant Ogden, a San Francisco millionaire, said in Washington the other day:
"The present business depression—its, indeed, there is a business depression—is psychological. There is, I mean, no smallest example for it. It is born of the nightmare fairs of men's minds. In a word, it reminds me of a music hall gig."
"The stage manager of a music hall rushed to the proprietor the other night and said:
"Turn 14 refuses to go on with her trained mico. She says she's been completely unnerved ever since that young student was eaten in Chicago."

PIMPLES ON HEAD ITCHED

Tell City, Ind.—"My baby's head was covered with sores and the top was a solid scab. It began with pimples and he would scratch his head until it would bleed and then scab over and keep spreading. He would claw his head and fret. It itched and burned so and I was afraid he would never have any hair on top of his head again."

"A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment to me. I asked our family doctor and he said, 'Yes, go right ahead and use them.' We got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and they healed him from the first. In a few days his head did not seem to itch or bother him in the least and before we had used one set he was healed and he has a fine growth of hair." (Signed) Mrs. Rosa M. Hanks, Jan. 26, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Intermittent.
Knicker—Any luck?
Joeker—No, the fish seemed to be in part time school.

Truth crushed to earth may find a good deal of comfort in lying low for a while.

Sore Eyes
Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind, quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smearing, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve 25c. For Book of the Eye Remedy Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 37-1914.

FABLES IN SLANG

GEORGE ADE

The New Fable of the Two Unfettered Birds and How Far They Flew.

Once there was a Girl with a gleaming New Hampshire Forehead who used to exchange helpful Books with a studious young Man who had an intellect of high Voltage.

It will not be necessary to name these Books, as you never heard of them.

Laura and Edgar were Comrades, in a way. They met under the Student Lamp and talked about Schopenhauer and Walter Pater, but the Affair never got beyond that Point. It was not even warm enough to be called Platonic. It carried about as much Romantic Suggestion as a cold Hot Water Bottle.

There grew up between them merely a Fellowship of the Super-Mind, or what a Wimp wearing Tortoise-Shell Spectacles would call Cosmohogany. Having cleared away the Underbrush, we will now proceed with the Narrative.

Like every other Member of the Tribe of Mansard Mentalities, they regarded with much Contempt the School of Popular Fletton.

Do you think they would stand for any of that old-style Guff about Sir Ralph getting the Hammer-Loek on Dorothy just outside the Loggia? Not on your Thought Waves!

They regarded the Article commonly called Love as a lingering Symptom of some primal Longing for Farior Entertainment.

It was agreed that each Soul was free and independent and had a right

an Imported Dog with many Curly's pre-empting the principal Chair.

They would discuss Prison Reform and Kipling and other Subjects in no way related to the awakening of the Maternal Instinct.

When he owned up to 40 and she had stopped talking about it, the Road-Habit was no longer a Novelty with him, so merely to kill Time, he was acting on the Visiting Board of an Orphan Asylum and was a Director of the Fresh Air Fund and was putting the Office Boy through a Business College.

About the same time Laura was made the victim of a Conspiracy.

A designing Day Laborer and his Wife deliberately up and died, leaving a Chick of a Daughter, all helpless and alone.

Laura simply had to go over and grab the Young One and play Mother to her, because it all happened hardly a Mile from her own Door-Step.

She had been dodging these commonplace and old-fashioned Responsibilities all her Life and now cruel Circumstances compelled her to spend Hours in servile Attentions to a stray Specimen.

Of course, she had Export Advice of her old friend, Edgar, who made out the Adoption Papers and sent a lot of Merchandise up to the House, out of the promptings of a broad and general sentiment of Pity for the Unfortunate.

Even when they stood up to be Married they were still stringing themselves.

He was bald and grizzled and she was a little droopy around the Shoulders.



They Scouted the Suggestion That It Was a Love Match.

to run on its own private Time-Table. Laura said she was going to live her Life in her own Way and that no Wallop in striped Trousers could leave her marooned in a Flat, working under Sealed Orders.

Edgar did not choose to carry Overweight while working out his Career and grew faint at the very thought of shouldering a lot of Domestic Responsibilities.

Marriage was an Institution devised for Strap-Hangers who wanted to get their Names into the Paper. It was a childish Refuge for those who lacked Courage to forsake the beaten Paths and strike out for the High Spots.

It will be seen that they were somewhat Advanced. As far back as 1890 they were living in the 21st Century.

Laura went in for Club Work and Cold Baths and Card-Indexing.

She felt sorry for the Married Women.

"They were always fussed up over getting a Laundress or telling about new cases of Scarlet Rash or else phoning the Office to make sure that the Bread-Winner was at the Desk and behaving himself."

When she let down her Hair at Night she did not have to do any checking up or put the bottle of Squills on the Radiator.

She was Free and Happy. A little lonesome on Rainy Days, but the freest thing you ever saw and she had her Books.

Edgar looked about him and saw the Slaves of Matrimony watching the Clock and getting ready to duck at 11 p. m. and he rejoiced inwardly.

He could land in at his little Independence Hall at 3 p. m. and turn on all the Lights and drag his Wardrobe over the Rugs and light Cigarettes and there was not a Voice to break the celestial Silence.

He figured that Children must be an awful Worry.

He brooded over the Kid Proposition so much that soon after he was 30 years of Age he used to go around and borrow his Nephews and Nieces and take them to the Circus and buy expensive Presents for them and upset the Household Rules.

Occasionally he would take a new Book dealing with the Higher Things of Life up to his old friend Laura and he would find her feeding the Bird, with the Cat asleep in the Corner and

knows Better Now.

Wife—Do you recollect that once when we had a quarrel I said you were just as mean as you could be?

Hubby—Yes, my dear.

Wife—Oh, Tom, how little I did I know you then.

FIFTY SLAIN ON SHIP

PASSENGERS FIGHT WHEN VESSEL REFUSES TO SAIL.

Bodies of Those Killed in the Steerage Are Thrown Overboard, Is Story Told by Survivors.

New York, Sept. 5.—A riot aboard the German steamer Bluecher, at anchor in the harbor of Pernambuco, Brazil, in which three of the Bluecher's crew and fifty of its 800 steerage passengers were killed; was described by Americans aboard the Brazilian steamer Sao Paulo upon its arrival here Thursday from Brazilian ports, whence it sailed at the commencement of the European war.

The Bluecher was bound from Buenos Aires from Hamburg, under the German flag, when Germany and England went to war. Upon learning that war had been declared the Bluecher put back to Pernambuco. It had aboard, the Sao Paulo's passengers asserted, several million dollars for London, and 800 Spaniards and Portuguese in the steerage. When Pernambuco was reached the steerage passengers insisted that the ship proceed to her destination and upon the refusal of the Bluecher's officers to do so the riot was started.

The bodies of the steerage passengers who were killed were thrown overboard, according to the Sao Paulo's passengers.

According to the story told to the Sao Paulo's commander, Captain Cyr de Della Amico, the trouble began with an anti-German demonstration by Spanish and Portuguese against the Bluecher's crew. This was resisted, and the ship's butler, a German, attacked one of the leaders of the demonstration. The German was killed and other German members of the crew seized arms and began firing.

A fearful hand-to-hand fight ensued. The captain of the Bluecher summoned the Pernambuco police, who fired right and left. Many of the rioters jumped overboard and were drowned. The police did not thoroughly quell the trouble until reinforcements arrived in the shape of cadets from the Brazilian training ship Benjamin Constant, which was lying in the harbor.

The cadets were still in charge of the Bluecher, Captain Amico said, when the Sao Paulo sailed.

FLASHES OFF THE WIRE

Washington, Sept. 3.—Attorney General McReynolds was sworn in as an associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States by Chief Justice White today. Thomas Watt Gregory of Texas was sworn in as attorney general at the same time.

London, Sept. 3.—The Germans killed their own severely wounded on the Belgian battlefields, only attending those who would soon recover, according to the Ostend correspondent of the Daily Express, who quotes Leon Harard, senator of Hainault, as authority for the story. There were many signs, according to this dispatch, that the Germans suffered heavily at Mons.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3.—A dispatch from West Point says the Army-Navy football game will be played after all this fall, and that it will be staged in Philadelphia. The Army officials indicated, says the dispatch, that rather than have the match called off, the West Pointers will yield to the Navy's ultimatum, "Philadelphia or nowhere."

Washington, Sept. 3.—The senate passed the Clayton anti-trust bill by a vote of 46 to 16.

VETERANS MARCH IN DETROIT

G. A. R. Men, Ten Thousand Strong, Parade in Michigan Metropolis.—Weather Was Ideal.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 3.—Not more than 200 of the 10,000 G. A. R. veterans who participated in the parade here were forced to retire from the line until the march was completed, a mile and a half long. The weather was ideal, cool breezes blowing strong enough to counteract the hot sunshine that came down.

Cotton Mills Work Nights.
Providence, R. I., Sept. 4.—The cotton mills of Providence have been obliged to work night and day in order to supply the ever increasing orders which have been felt for the last few weeks.

Wilson Will Be Candidate.
Washington, Sept. 4.—Vice-President Marshall gave out a statement Wednesday in which he declared that President Wilson will be the Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1916.

Bryan's "Ship" Is Interned.
Washington, Sept. 5.—Secretary Bryan, while discussing the war situation, was asked what had become of the good ship Friendship.
"It is safely interned in a neutral harbor," replied the secretary.

Canadian Signal Service Censored.
Montreal, Sept. 5.—For the first time since war was declared the government signal service station has been ordered to suppress all reports as to shipping, coming in or going out on the St. Lawrence river.

Always the Favorite Light

Even in the big cities where the homes are lighted by gas or electricity, you will find the kerosene lamp the favorite reading light. Because its soft mellow glow does not tire or strain the eyes—if you have a good lamp.

Rayo Lamps

Dealers Everywhere. Illustrated book free.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (AN INDIANA CORPORATION) Chicago, Ill.

GOODYEAR TIRES AT ANTE-BELLUM PRICES

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. announce "No war prices on Goodyear Tires." Mr. F. A. Sieberling, president of the Company, thus explains their unique position.

"We advanced Goodyear prices, as others did theirs, when the rubber panic came. Almost in a day crude rubber rose in New York from 55 cents per pound to much over a dollar.

"The New York supply was too small to consider. We cabled our London people to buy up the pick of the rubber there. By acting quickly and paying cash they obtained 1,500,000 pounds of the finest rubber.

"That big supply of rubber is now nearly all on the way to the Goodyear factory in Akron. It constitutes the best of the London supply.

"We are using the same grade of rubber and the same amount of it as we always have used in these tires.

"We are running our factory with three shifts of men, twenty-four hours a day. So long as we remain in this fortunate position on rubber, we shall supply tire users at before-war prices to the limit of our capacity."

NO EXCUSE FOR EARLY RISING

Man Who Gets Up at Dawn Is Stupid, Is Assertion Made by Father Dwight.

The arrogance of the man who arises to the minor heroism of a cold bath has been complained of by less heroic folk who arise to a tepid or warm one. To be set apart by the ability to stand the shock of cold water has seemed to less vigorous folk an unsubstantial claim to immortality. It lacks moral sufficiency and is too much made of by the cold lather.

Another arrogance is given consideration by the Rev. Walter Dwight, S. J., in America. It is the arrogance of early risers. Father Dwight denies them heroism and enters into doubt as to their intelligence. As a rule he finds them a "notably arrogant set," appearing to believe that they move on a "higher ethical plane."

Every normal human being, not given ordinarily to early rising, but being on occasion tempted or forced into it, has felt the strange spiritual ailment, the moral patting on the back in consequence thereof. The feeling that a good deed has been done for a naughty world is inexplicable, but supreme.

Father Dwight is remorseless. The early riser is the least intelligent of mankind.

Unquestionably.

"Which would you rather have—a chauffeur or an aviator?"

"Well, the latter is the higher position."

A "Cafe de Luxe."

Willie—Pa, what is a 'cafe de luxe'?

Pa—About 10 per cent cafe and 90 per cent looks.—Life.

FOOD FACTS

What An M. D. Learned.

A prominent Georgia physician went through a food experience which he makes public.

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know, from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients, that the food is a wonderful restorative and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and aids patients gain very rapidly, just as I did in strength and weight.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely, and went to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact, I was not quite as well as when I left home.

"My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change. Then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers, I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days of Grape-Nuts, when regular food does not seem to sustain the body, works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S SHOES \$2.25, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 BOYS' SHOES \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50



YOU CAN SAVE MONEY
by wearing the W. L. Douglas shoes because for 25 years I have guaranteed their value by having my name and the retail price stamped on the sole of the shoe before it leaves the factory, which protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. The W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them.
The next time you need shoes, look in the shoe dealer's window for W. L. Douglas shoes. Try a pair and you will be convinced that for style, fit and wear, they are unequalled for the price.
If the W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere, postage free in the U. S. Write for list and catalog showing how to order by mail.
W. L. DOUGLAS, 289 Park St., Boston, Mass.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE



In the next 30 days I will offer for sale 20 head of high-grade Holstein heifers running in age from 1 to 3 years, all a number of them bred to be fresh soon, well marked and in good condition. They will run and be in good condition. They will also offer 100 head of fully developed, heavy fresh cows, part of them fresh and balance due to breeders. I will have a few choice heifers and bull calves to offer in the near future that are fit and fine. Write me your name.

JAMES DORSEY, DEPT. W. N. GILBERTS, KANE COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Teddy Roosevelt, Vincent Astor, Thos. F. Ryan, etc.,

men of travel, wealth and experience, at last settled on Virginia as a place to live and prosper. It is worth while to the men who have little money to invest to write for information regarding Farms and Lands in Piedmont, Va. Piedmont Virginia Land Co., Dillwyn, Virginia

EARN

while you learn. 10 weeks profit-reading course. Either sex. Instructors are experienced. Newspaper and former Century Dictionary proofreaders. SUN SERVICE, Rochester, N. Y.

Abbreviated.

"Here we are, Maria," he exclaimed gleefully; "you wanted to see those stunning bathing costumes you've been reading so much about, and here we are at the beach with the bathers all around us."

"I see the bathers," she replied, severely, "but where are the costumes?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Responding to an invitation.

"What is your alma mater, Mr. N.?"

"Well, if you insist, I'll take a ger."—Buffalo Express.

Too Dangerous to Overlook

Kidney trouble is too often overlooked and too often neglected. But the kidneys give early signs of disease that should not be mistaken. Backache, head-dizziness, rheumatic pains, too frequent, scanty or painful urination, all signs of kidney weakness and should be mistaken.

When these warnings appear, use Kidney Pills, the reliable, sure, and strongly recommended kidney remedy. The medicine, by drinking water, held to good habits and a careful diet, kidney disease may be avoided. Testimony is the best proof of merit.

An Illinois Case.

Mrs. Horrell Thompson, 1214 S. Court St., Rockford, Ill., says: "For years my kidneys were in bad shape and I never expected to be well again. The kidney secretions passed irregularly and were distressing. I had awful pains through my back, too. A few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and today I am as strong and well."

Get Doan's at Any Store.

DOAN'S FOSTER-MILBURN CO.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914.

Highway Notice
Public Letting of Contract

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned Commissioners of Highways, Town of Antioch, for the improvement by grading, draining and building a hard gravel road of the east and west road known as the Hickory road, through section 15, in East Antioch, beginning at the end of the present gravel road in the west part of said section and extending east three-fourths (3/4) of a mile more or less; all to be done in accordance with plans and specifications prepared by Chas. E. Russell, County Superintendent of Highways, and on file in his office and that of the Town Clerk of said Town. The undersigned reserve the right to increase or decrease the amount of work done in accordance with the bids received and the amount of funds available for the work.

Sealed proposals will be received at the hour of 2 p. m., on the 26th day of September A. D., 1914, by the Commissioners of said Town, at a meeting to be held in the Town Hall in the village of Antioch, Illinois. Each bidder will be required to file with his bids a certified check equal to at least five (5) per cent of the amount of his bid. These certified checks shall be made payable to the Treasurer of Antioch Town, as a guarantee of good faith if awarded contract that he or they will promptly enter into same and file a good and sufficient bond. The certified checks of the unsuccessful bidders will be returned as soon as contract is awarded, but the checks of the successful bidder will be retained until he or they file a good and sufficient bond according to specifications.

The work is to be started in ten (10) days from date of contract and completed in ninety (90) days from date of contract, to be paid for on monthly estimates to the amount of eighty-five (85) per cent of same and the balance upon completion and acceptance of work.

The undersigned Commissioners of Highways and County Superintendent of Highways reserve the right to reject any and all bids if they deem it in the best interests of the Town and County to do so.
Dated this 7th day of September A. D. 1914.

Frank Dunn,
W. A. Story,
Alonzo P. Little,
Commissioners of Highways,
C. F. Richards,
Town Clerk.
Chas. E. Russell,
County Superintendent of Highways

Coffee Bean's Growth.
Healthy coffee trees produce in the axilla of each leaf from twelve to sixteen buds, which in flowering have an exquisite perfume. These flowers become dark and wither and fall off in two or three days, leaving groups of seeds on the small stems. These in turn grow into the coffee berries, which closely resemble dark red cherries. Each berry contains two seeds, growing face to face, and these are the coffee beans of commerce.

His Time Had Come.
Again that ringing in his ears! It was the warning he had dreaded. He knew his time had come. Yet, although he had started at the sound, he seemed half-dazed and wholly careless of the consequences. But still the ringing in his ears! "Dad!" he finally said, and springing from bed the careworn commuter shut off the alarm clock and proceeded to dress for the 7:10 train.—Puck.

Witty, But Rather Unkind.
A friend of mine, says a correspondent of the London Chronicle, took a lady to the Gentlemen and Players' match at the Oval. She enjoyed herself greatly, and begged him to take her to the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's next day. This, for certain reasons, he was unwilling to do, so excused himself on the ground that as he was neither an Eton nor Harrow he did not propose to go to the match. The lady, much nettled, retorted quickly: "Then why are you here, because you are neither a player nor a gentleman?"

More Than One Way to Success.
Success may not depend so much upon what you do yourself as upon what you can jolly others into doing for you.

Daily Thought.
True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their "I am worth and choice."—Ben Jonson.

They Need the Money.
It is no disgrace to die poor—but it's a mean trick to play on your relatives.

PANHANDLE PETE TALKS

By CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

(Copyright.)
In the darkness that seemed darker after turning from Broadway into an up-town side street, I heard a familiar husky voice, the owner of which, springing from nowhere, was shutting alongside me.

"Cap," said the voice, "scuse me fr 'dressin' youse; but, on de dead, if you could stake me t' de price of a cup o' cawfee an' a holler o' beef stew, I'd—"

"Why go back to the old coffee comedy, Pete?" I asked him, stopping, and in the flare of a street lamp he recognized me. "Didn't you tell me only a few nights ago that the coffee request was frayed at the edges, and that they were more likely to produce it pronged for the price of a dram?" "Oh, good evenin', guv," said Panhandle Pete, not in the least discomfited because I had caught him in an inconsistency. "I didn't make youse at first. I guess me lamps needs trimmin'. I find I'm goin' bad wif de ghims, anyhow. I slanted youse fr a coffee-tap w'en I might ha' knowned by de ewing o' youse dat you was a booze touch. An' if I'd piped who you was I wouldn't ha' tried t' spln youse at all, because youse has come true enough. I'm macin' all skeezy 'nough, but I never tries t' sting a mark, 'specially if he's a good gun like youse, more'n once, or twicet at de outside. When a job is right I hate t' wheedle him more'n twicet fr de two bits."

"But how," I asked him, slipping him something so as not to appear to be wasting his valuable professional time, "do you think you can at a glance in the dark distinguish between a coffee-tap and a booze touch? What's the difference in the looks of them?"

"Well, dat's de inside ball o' panhandle, judge," was his reply. "It's de hunch t'ing, an' wifout de hunch no macer's got a chance t' aidge into de change in dis man's boig. I remember tellin' youse de odder night, dat de coffee-tap's gettin' t' be a dead one, an' so it is. But on some nights, w'en de air's kila' o' pippy an' penetratin', an' de job I pick out looks like he might be comin' from a lodge meetin' o' de Sons o' Jonadab or some ag'in, de red-eye outfit de like o' dat, I figger dat he's a fall-galak fr de Jar' t'ing, an' so I slips him wot I call de Mocha mace. What I meant de odder night was dat it don't connec' so often as it neter."

"I find right 'long now dat I'm gittin' in Hefee wif de Mocha mace. It on'y lan's 'casionally. But a macer's gotta gamble same as de rest. It's n case of takin' a chance."

"But, ho, de game's goin' bad, speakin' general, at dat. Dero's too many panhandlers workin' de stuff dat woids de hurry-up touch on deir mateys."

"Many a puffed-up good sludge, dat would be meat fr macers dat woid de game because, like me, dat's deir graft—many a good tap would come acrost fr de macer if he wasn't gittin' maced so o'n by zobs dat he knows, dressed-up rummies, dat sink de pick into him ev'ry time he goes out t' take de air."

"De odder night a good gun dat eased me de two bits stopped, fr a chirp, jes' like youse is doin', an, ha to! me dat he'd bin pronged fr seven bones durin' de day by guys dat he knew. He tol' me dat he was jes' takin' a stroll fr hisself, an' dat dey all staked him t' de stick-up at diff'rent points along de line o' march, an' passed him de moan about de room-rent t'ing an' de get-out-de-laundry gag an' dey needed de shave t' snag de job nex' Tuesday, an' de smalles' dat he slipped any o' dese rums, ha tol' me, was de ace. Some o' 'em, sezsee, come at him fr de halp, an' den grafooly drops down t' de two-specker w'en dey seen dat he wouldn't toppel fr de five-gauge."

"All o' dis stuff puts de macin' gas t' de Fritz. A good zig gits de pouncin by ginks dat've been kind o' buddies o' his'n as he trudges troo de hotels, an' by de time he makes de street an' starts fr home he's so shy o' gum an' cigarette change dat w'en a macer dat's workin' his beat tosses him de spear he's bellerin' murder inside o' him because he's been so soft on de perduce wif his fren's, an' de best de macer gits is de coyote music outa de zob's pipes an' a invitation t' de Durando down de pike or stan' fr a pinch."

"Youse don't mind rumalin' along now, do youse? I see a gook swingin' along dat looks like de till wide open, an' de boss gone out o' de store!"

Cat Has Musical Ear.
Little Miss Margaret Negley owns a tiger cat answering to the name of Tony, when he deigns to answer at all. Among his accomplishments is that of parading over the piano keys, much more to his own entertainment than the rest of the family. Since discovering that her feline playmate has an ear for music, Miss Margaret has been experimenting to learn which melodies appeal to him and which do not, results being gauged on his comical or refusing to come from the adjoining room when the music begins. So far "Annie Laurie" has qualified, with "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" a close second, and with certain other hymns and Scotch melodies still in the running. Margaret's father has already served notice that he will pay for no cat lessons from the masters.—Indianapolis News.

THE QUEST OF IKY

By JANE WATTS.

When the substitute teacher hung up the keys of the room of which she had been in charge that day and left the office she wore the smile that one wears when one has completed an irksome duty. She joined two of the regular teachers who were also departing.

"Did you have any adventures today?" queried sympathetically a gray haired but kindly veteran of countless schoolroom battles.

"Forty-eight of them," responded the substitute. "All first graders who can't even write their own names. Oh! And that reminds me. There were really 49 adventures, counting Iky." And the young teacher broke into an infectious laugh.

"Tell us about Iky," the others urged.

"Well, I had just set half the room to modeling the story of the three bears, and had successfully settled the rest of their little chairs before the phonics chart. They had begun to chant rhythmically, 'B-i-o, blow, s-r-o, grow, s-n-o, snow, n-o, know,' when the door opened slowly and a shiny bright face framed in a black shawl peered in and demanded, 'I wants my Iky Erbsteln!'

"Naturally, the little people all stared, open mouthed at the visitor and suspended operations on their work, while I asked the owner of the shawled head to come in and pick out her offering."

"Mrs. Erbsteln was a large, vigorous woman. She entered timidly, and looked helplessly up and down the rows of children. She even walked among them, but failed to find her Iky. By this time, I had looked up the list of names. There was an Iky Wolf and an Iky Maslnaw, but of Iky Erbsteln there was neither hide nor hair nor record."

"At this crisis, a little miss—whose blue bow rode on top of her head like a sail on the billows that had weathered many a storm—stretched an eager hand aloft and volunteered the information that 'there was an Iky went to room 21.'"

"Mrs. Erbsteln was thoroughly excited by this time, so I left her in my chair while I went to make inquiries. It soon appeared that the only Iky in room 21 bore the surname Gwasch. At this, Mrs. Erbsteln grew frantic and began to pour forth tears and broken English simultaneously. Her little boy, she was sure, had been kidnapped, murdered!

"Fortunately, the recess bell interrupted her moans of anguish, and I suggested that she step out into the hall and look for her son among the regiments of children marching by. She followed the suggestion. Suddenly she gave a cry of joy and flung herself at a little curly haired fellow in the ranks of room 21. She hugged him violently, much to his embarrassment, for every one was looking on and wondering what it was all about. Meanwhile she wept and thanked heaven for his recovery."

Room 21's teacher and I looked at each other for mutual explanations. "So you did have Iky Erbsteln, after all?" I asked.

"But he told me his name is Ol-wasch," she said. Then the light of understanding dawned on her. "Oh, I begin to see!" she exclaimed. Then she told me the story.

"Two weeks ago, one of the children in my room brought Iky to enter him for the new term," said she. "But neither he nor any of the others knew the boy's last name. I asked him, 'What other name have you besides Iky?'"

"'Jus' Iky,' he replied with bewilderment in his big eyes."

"'What else does your mother call you?'"

"'Jus' Iky.'"

"'But what else does she say to you? Iky—Iky what?'"

"'Then he seemed to understand, for he answered quickly, 'She says, 'Iky Gwasch.'"

"'So I entered his name as 'Iky Gwasch' on the books.'"

"'Well?' I said. 'For I was as mystified as ever.'"

"'Why, don't you see? His mother says to him, daily, no doubt, 'Iky, go wash!'"

"'And that is as much as most of woe folks know of their names,' concluded the substitute teacher. 'It's no wonder that children get lost.'"

Roman Villa Unearthed.
A Roman villa has recently been unearthed in the grounds of Limmerslease, Compton, near Guildford, Eng., the house of Mrs. O. F. Watts, widow of the painter.

The digging was undertaken by the Surrey Archaeological society and the complete plan of the villa has been revealed. The north wall is about sixty feet in length, the west 53 feet and the south about seventy-six feet. The villa contains seven rooms and some baths. There is a veranda on the south and a corridor on the north. Several Roman ornaments have been found.

To Get Rid of "Prickly Pear."
The vast areas at present lying waste in Queensland, Australia, owing to the spread of the cactus, called "prickly pear" are to be restored to cultivation. The plan is to kill the cactus with gas, burn the plants, and extract the potash from the ashes. Potash is worth between \$100 and \$125 a ton, and the poorest lands will probably be cleared at a profit. The work will start next March.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

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John Dewea and wife to W H
Manzer lots 6, 7, 8, blk 2
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Elizabeth Phillips et al to John
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ter part lot 1, blk 2, Johnson's
add to Antioch w d 1600.00

Henry Atwell and wife to Wm
Shunk lot 20, Atwells sub in
sec 31, Antioch twp wd 150.00

CHANCERY NOTICE

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss. Circuit Court
of Lake County, October Term A. D. 1914.

Thomas Hurley Crofts vs. Amy Spurling Crofts, No. 6393. The requisite affidavit having been filed in the office of clerk of said court, Notice is here, by given to the said above named Defendant, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaints in said Court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Lake County, to be held at the Court House in Waukegan in said Lake County, the first Monday of October A. D. 1914, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

LEWIS O. BROCKWAY, Clerk.
Waukegan, Illinois, Aug. 28 A. D. 1914.
Wm. A. Denie, Complainant's Solicitor.

Knew His Colleagues.

Two Manhattan physicians were enjoying the breeze from the front seat on the "hurricane deck" of a Riverside Drive bus one afternoon, when part of their conversation was overheard. It ran like this: "I performed an operation for appendicitis on the wife of a millionaire yesterday," said the stoutest of the pair. "Yes," said the other. "What was she suffering from?"

Poor Chance for Millennium.

If the millennium doesn't show up until a mother admits that her own children are naughty and those next door are angels it will never arrive.

Better Ten Thousand Sneers.

Better to stand 10,000 sneers than one abiding pang such as time could not abolish of bitter self reproach.—De Quincey.

The Universal Deluge.

Scholarship has long ago rejected the ancient Hebrew tradition of a universal deluge. It appears that the tradition occurs in the writings of nearly every people, the old Babylonian story being among the oldest. It was from the Babylonian that the Hebrew scribe got his story—a story that has long since ceased to have any scientific value.

Morality and Intelligence.

It almost looks as if intelligence and morality were two distinct things, and that it is safer to have intelligence than morality. A person who has the former may get off scot-free, but to him of weak intelligence his morality is of little avail when it suits the purpose of those who have the power of sequestering him, to use it.—Exchange.

Mildew Stains.

Mildew stains are sometimes a source of great trouble, and are difficult to remove unless you know just the right way. Rub a little soap over the mildew spots, and on top of this a little chalk and lemon juice. If the garment is then put out in the sun for a couple of hours and afterwards washed in the usual way the spots will disappear.

Folk-Lore.

The term folk-lore was first suggested by Mr. W. J. Thomas in 1846 to designate what was then for the first time becoming a subject of wide popular interest, considered as a department of the study of antiquities or archaeology, and embracing everything that related to ancient observances and customs, to the notions, beliefs, traditions, superstitions and prejudices of the common people.

Encourage Children to Play.

Play gives joy, freedom, contentment and occupation. A child who plays thoroughly, with perseverance and determination, will be thorough and persevering in life. Children are full of imagination, which finds expression in their games and play. A child's world is very real. Blocks, balls, water colors, scrap books, sands, spoons, or garden tools have a significance for him.

Uncle Eben.

"Bein' a high-flyer," said Uncle Eben, "simply makes it easier for people to make out de difference between an eagle an' a buzzard."

"Potato Rings" Prized.

What is commonly called a "potato ring" was recently sold in London for \$930. These exquisite examples of the work of the eighteenth century Irish silversmiths are not "potato rings" at all. The Irish gentry of the period were addicted to punch after their dinners. A bowl of hot punch quickly leaves a permanent mark on a mahogany table, so these rings were designed as repositories for the punch bowl.

Inspiring in the Beginning.

Put a little inspiration into the beginning of things. Do not start the day with dragging feet and sighs. Learn a lesson from the birds who, even in the busy nesting time, welcome the sunrise with song, and make the beginning of day a time of rejoicing. The day that begins with inspiration is pretty sure to have achievement to its credit.—Girl's Companion.

Real Friends Never Fall.

It is never worth while to grieve over the friend who has failed you, who is estranged by distance, or given you up for someone who is richer or has a better social position. Such a one was never more than a sham friend, and instead of grieving because you have found her out, be thankful that you have not wasted your confidence on her any longer. Real friends never fall us.—Girl's Companion.

Small Girl's Nest "Bull."

Bulls do not keep to the farm or to Ireland. Some wander around the house. The other day a small Harlem girl demonstrated how a bull could be made. They were having ice cream at her house, and her small brother, having eaten his share, asked: "Mamma, have you any more cream outside?" The little girl replied: "Of course not! If there was any ice cream outside I'd have it in here."

Refuse Imitations.

Patience is not simple endurance. It is being brave, sunny and cheerful under all circumstances. No other virtue has had so many imitations, and most of them so unlovely. Have nothing to do with these imitations. Cultivate the real thing, smiling cheery patience.—Girl's Companion.

Such Is Life.

Just about the time a man saves up something for a rainy day he gets a toothache, and has to give it all to a dentist.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Get Your Coal Now

Before the Advance in Price

Pittston Coal

Is Absolutely Guaranteed.

I am closing out Patton's Sun Proof Paint at the following prices:

GALLONS	-	-	\$1.60
HALF GALLONS	-	-	80c.
QUARTS	-	-	40c.

F. J. HUNT

ANTIOCH, ILL.

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Sept. 7.—The Committee declared butter at 30.

Jos. Labdon is quite ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Julia Hockney is spending this week in Chicago.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ferris on Sunday, Sept. 6, a son.

Miss Ruth Williams spent over Sunday at her home in Antioch.

Edwin Anderson of Chicago spent over Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bristol and family of Chicago visited relatives here Sunday.

"Safety First" Electric Lanterns at Hunt's.

Mrs. Kettlehut and children and Miss Minnie Lux spent Thursday at Lincoln Park.

John Speers of Bagley, Iowa, spent Labor day here, guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Stragan.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams visited at the home of J. H. Goodrich at Delavan over Sunday.

See my new line of sweaters. Chase Webb.

When it comes to binding twine Deering Standards leads, others follow. Ask Hunt about it.

I am selling furniture cheaper than you can buy it in Chicago. Come in and see. Ted Lenore.

Paul Kettlehut and wife of Milwaukee, and Bert Mathews and wife of Delavan visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. Kettlehut.

Anyone having farm land for sale is requested to call at this office and list the same with us, as we frequently come in touch with persons wishing to purchase.

Boy's school suits worth the money at Webb's.

Herb Pierce and Ray Webb are spending this week at Solon Springs, Wis., and we understand that they are endeavoring to land some fine specimens of the finny tribe.

I will entertain the Antioch Hillside Cemetery society at my home at Channel on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 16. Buses will leave Williams Bros. store at 3:30 o'clock. Mrs. Chas. Smith.

The two-year-old daughter of Eugene Savage, formerly of this place, but now of North Chicago, fell out of a second story window Monday afternoon. A distance of 20 feet to the ground. She just missed striking a cement walk under the window. The blow rendered her unconscious, but Dr. Joliva, who was called found no broken bones. Her escape is considered little short of a miracle. The child was playing upstairs and pushed the screen from the window and tumbled after it.

Gilt Frames. To brighten gilt frames rub them with freshly baked bread moistened with ammonia, or try the older method of washing them in water in which onions have been boiled and to which a little sulphur has been added. The sulphur aids in keeping the yellow color.

Wrong Sex. There was a dance in the lobby of one of the big apartment houses in Washington. A man who rents an apartment came in, saw the crowd, and asked one of the negro elevator boys: "What's going on out there?" "Why," the boy replied, "that is a dance given by one of the matronities of Georgetown universally!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Really Is No Waste Matter. Schattels and business men are both beginning to understand that in reality there is no such thing as waste matter. The existence of what we call waste or refuse is due merely to our failure to find a proper method of turning it into dollars and cents.

Means of Approach. Though I am not a smoker, I like to carry matches in my pocket. One is always liable to be accosted on the street by some one in need of a light. To be able to give a match is a great luxury. It forms the basis for a momentary friendship.—S. M. Crothers, in the Atlantic.

Typhoid Death Rate May Be Cut. In the United States there is a yearly average of 300,000 cases of typhoid, with 25,000 deaths. The death rate from typhoid in the large American cities is five times as great as in the large European cities—25 per 100,000 here and 5 per 100,000 in Europe. Here is the duty of the layman obvious—to force his local government to supply uncontaminated water.

Where He Falls. Many a man who knows just what he would do in the other fellow's place never succeeds in doing the right thing in his own place.

Fail underwear at Webb's. adv

Percy Chinn spent Wednesday in Chicago.

Meat Markets will be closed on Sunday hereafter.

Chas. Smith left Thursday for an outing at Lake McKenzie, Wis.

Mrs. Jos. James and son Ralph, visited Chicago friends over Sunday.

Gasoline and kerosene stoves at Hunt's.

Miss Reinke of Chicago spent Sunday at the home of C. F. Barthel.

Miss Mary Dupre and two friends visited at the home of Will Dupre over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thorp of Fond du Lac, are visiting Antioch friends this week.

Get my prices on furniture before you buy. Everything to furnish your home. Ted Lenore.

For Sale—12 heifers from 9 to 14 months. Some Holstein and red. H. S. Dixon, Antioch Route 1.

Mrs. Martin Weber and children of Libertyville, returned home Wednesday after a visit with relatives here.

Misses Lof and Valentine, who have been visiting at the Barthel home here returned to their home in Chicago the first of the week.

Ed Behrens and son of Des Moines were over Sunday visitors with A. A. Tonn east of town, and calling on his many Antioch friends.

The Ladies Aid society wish once more to thank all those who have assisted them in paying off their debt and especially Mr. Wilton for the use of his building. Mrs. Williams, Pres.

Dr. Barber, Optician and Optometrist is in Antioch every two weeks at the residence of H. J. Barber. His next date is Thursday, Sept. 17. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. All work guaranteed.

New line of Mackinnw. coats at Webb's.

The parlor of the Edgar house was the scene of a quiet wedding on Tuesday morning of this week when John Krause whose parents own a large summer home at Silverlake, Wis., brought his bride a young lady from Chicago to this village, where the marriage vows were spoken. Illness in the family prevented the large church wedding as planned and the affair was made as quiet as possible. After the ceremony the bridal party proceeded by auto to the home of the groom's parents at Silverlake where the wedding feast was served. During the ceremony a bunch got together and decorated the machines with a complete assortment of old cans, shoes, boxes, etc.

Lewis' Fly-Killer for stock, at Hunt's.

Destructive Golf Bug. "British scientists have discovered a golf bug that destroys the grass on the links." "Pshaw, they're nothing new!" We had a lot of trouble with them at our golf club, but we got out of the difficulty by posting signs saying: "Please replace turf cuts."—Buffalo Express.

Time's One Regret. Time brings only one regret—that we had not more joy in the things that were, more belief, more patience, more love, more knowledge of the way things worked out, more willingness to help toward the final result.—Jeanne June.

All Waste in Coal Done Away With. Waste in coal has practically been eliminated. Even the waste from the cumin-bank washers is now being utilized, for it is flushed into the mines and partly fills old workings where it cements together and furnishes support to the roof when the coal previously left for pillars is removed.

Is Less Expensive. It does not take as much to feed a woman as a man, the scientists say, and the average woman does not spend as much for her clothes as the average man. When it comes to their pleasures the man spends many times as much as the woman, and altogether it seems that a woman is a less expensive creature than a man.

Rare Book Changes Owners. A copy of a very rare book the "Speculum Christiani," printed by William de Macbilia in 1483, was sold at Messrs. Hodgson's rooms in Chancery lane for \$300, a few days ago. Macbilia and Letou, his partner, were the first printers in London, and the former had his press in Holborn.

Armored Aeroplanes. A large number of aeroplanes are now being built of steel, and they also carry armor sufficiently thick to turn a rifle or shrapnel bullet. Generally speaking, only the vulnerable parts of the machine are protected, such as the engine and the seats of the pilot and the observer.

Just received a new supply of bugles. Frank Hunt.

Edward Raidy and John Lynch spent Sunday at Kolze.

Andrew Lynch and family spent last Sunday at Franklin park.

Sewing machine supplies for any machine. Machines cleaned and repaired. J. C. James.

John Lynch of Fond du Lac, is visiting with his brother, Andrew at this place.

Paints and oils of all kind at Hunt's.

Mr. Keulman and Mrs. Wheeler of Richmond, were Sunday guests at the Harry Osmond home.

Mrs. Ziegler left Monday morning for a couple of weeks visit with relatives at Mendon, Mich.

For Sale—A good surrey and buggy. Buena park, East Side Fox Lake. B. Boyah, Antioch, Route 1.

S. J. Straghan and wife returned on Sunday from a two week's stay with relatives in Chicago and Pontiac.

Try my Empress flour. Chase Webb.

Mrs. Mary Morley, Mrs. Chase Webb and son Emmet and Miss Ollie Tiffany left Thursday for Chetek, Wis.

Gramofones make a great Christmas present. Buy one now on small payments. It will be paid for by Christmas and you won't miss the money. Prices from \$12 to \$500. Double disc records 65 cents. See Ted Lenore.

Mrs. Susan Tiffany and Miss Shirley Oicott left Wednesday for visit with relatives and friends at Chetek, Wis.

Wanted farm in Lake county. 60 to 120 acres. Give location and full particulars. Must be bargain. No agents.

We have purchasers for farm land in this vicinity. If you have any to sell call at this office and let us know about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hoffman spent the latter part of last week at Evanston being called there by the death of Mr. Hoffman's father.

No advance on teas and coffees at Webb's.

For Sale—120 egg incubator complete, spring chickens from good layers, year old hens, Western broncho, saddle, Want work of any kind, my last plea. F. Wendorf, Antioch.

The Liberty Cemetery Helpers will meet with Mrs. Dow Vincent, Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 15. All are very cordially invited. Maude S. Robbins, Sec.

Original Meaning of "Jovial." Jovial once meant the type of character supposed to belong to all persons who were born when the planet Jupiter or Jove, was in the ascendant. They were supposed to possess more of the cheerful elements of character than others, and hence to partake of the benign qualities attributed to the father of the gods.

Readin' Not Writin'. A little girl, visiting away from home, received a joint letter from her parents. Papa's half was typewritten, mamma's postscript written by hand. Said Marion in reply: "Dear dad, the letter from you and mother just came, the part from you was nicest, 'cause it was readin' and here was writin'."

Snakes Held Sacred in China. It is not always safe to kill a snake in China. It doesn't matter much whether the snake is of the water species or of the land variety, for within this reptile's body is supposed to reside the spirit of what the yellow men worship as the Dragon King. This latter is believed by the average superstitious "John" to have the power of ruling over floods. The dragon King represents one symbol in the ritual worship of the Chinese religion called Taoism.

Freak of Minnesota Storm. After a Minnesota storm a man appeared on the highway attired in a chicken coop. The coop had been blown over his head in such a way that his arms were pinned to his sides and he was unable to remove his "bonnet."

Stickler for Her Rights. Lawyer—"You say you told the cook to get out of the house the minute you found it was on fire, and she refused to go?" Mrs. Burns—"Yes, she said she must have a month's notice before she'd leave."—National Food Magazine.

Slightly Inappropriate. Here is the bishop of London's latest story. An old parishioner was extremely ill, and the prayers of the congregation were invited for him. During the service the news reached the vicar that he had passed away at the age of eighty odd. He sadly announced this fact, and, as something really appropriate, the choir promptly sang "Brief Life is Here Our Portion!"

King of Beneficent Drugs. Chloroform was the result of ages of experiment in an effort to do away with the pain of surgical operations. Opium and many other drugs had been tried with more or less success. In executions by crucifixion, vinegar and gall or myrrh were given to the victim; to stupefy him.

Badly Twisted. There is something wrong with the brain box of an heiress who would rather marry an empty title than a real man.

Love's Romance Fades. At the age of 40 a man is apt to feel under everlasting obligations to the chap who married the girl he was spoony on at the age of 20.

Ink That Emits Its Own Light. A printer's ink that can be read in the dark without other illumination than that contained in the ink itself is being manufactured in Germany. The preparation has a phosphorescent quality that the inventor claims will retain its illuminating power for ten to twelve years.—Exchange.



\$25.00 REWARD

for the recovery, or information leading to recovery, of this black and white female Beagle Hound, lost June 8th, in the region of Grays Lake, Lake Co., Ill. She was due to have puppies June 23rd.

Notify Dr. W. S. BELLOWES, Waukegan, Ill.

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BELGIAN INFANTRY READY FOR GERMANS



Some of Belgium's brave soldiers just before going into action at Diest. The battle was raging less than a mile away.

FRENCH MINISTRY LEAVES PARIS FOR BORDEAUX

Move Is Practical Acknowledgment That Capital of France Is in Danger.

HERRICK REMAINS AT POST

American Ambassador Sees Opportunity for Service in the City—German Army Continues Victorious March—Claims Important Victory Over Russian Force in East Prussia.

The seat of the French government has been moved from Paris to Bordeaux.

The government issued at midnight September 3, through the ministry of the interior, a proclamation bringing this is the knowledge of the people of Paris and giving the reasons for the change.

The significant feature of the proclamation is that Paris is soon to become a sort of pivot in the army maneuvers between the allied armies and the Germans. For this reason the government naturally could not remain here.

Strengthened City Defenses. It was admitted in official dispatches that a large force of Germans was at Compiègne, only 43 miles (as the crow flies) from the city.

While the official statement regarding the removal of the capital said the city was not necessarily likely to be attacked, the building of supplementary defense works is proceeding vigorously. Many trenches are being dug. Several of the gates of Paris have been closed to traffic.

Paris Is Confident. Paris.—In an official statement issued Friday the war office says: "There has been no contact with the German forces in the region of Compiègne and Senlis since Thursday. Precautions have been taken to stop any offensive movement of the enemy. Measures have also been taken to provide for the pursuit of German aeroplanes, especially those of the armored type, which will be prevented from flying over Paris.

"The situation in the northeast is the same."

Paris Under Martial Law. Paris.—Martial law was proclaimed in Paris Friday and the city was declared to be in a state of siege.

No person may leave or enter Paris between eight o'clock in the evening and five o'clock in the morning without a military pass. Automobiles may enter freely during the day, but cannot leave without permits. Pedestrians are permitted to pass without challenge, through certain gates, while other gates are closed. Gardeners bringing fresh vegetables to the city are permitted access at half hour intervals during the night.

An immense and complicated system of entrenchments is being constructed outside the city. It is reported that the engineers in charge of the work are keeping several hundred thousand men busy.

Austrian Loss Heavy. Petrograd.—The general staff has officially reported that Austria lost 100,000 men, killed, wounded or captured, in the battle for the defense of Lemberg, in which the Austrians were overwhelmingly defeated by the Russians. The conflict lasted seven days, with 800,000 Russians attacking 600,000 Austrians.

The Austrian troops that fled have been joined by a new army west of Lemberg and a fierce battle is raging over a front of 50 miles. Nearly one million five hundred thousand troops are reported engaged, but the Russians have the larger force.

Petrograd (St. Petersburg).—After a seven days' battle the Russian forces have succeeded in seizing the fortifications near Lemberg, capital of Galicia, and routed a strong force of Austrians. The Austrians fled in disorder, abandoning many pieces of artillery.

The Russian forces are investing Koenigsberg.

This information was given out Thursday by the Russian general staff, which also frankly confesses to the disaster of two army corps, including the loss of three generals, in the southern part of east Prussia.

Victory Near Lustchoff. The general staff also announces that the Austrian Fifteenth division was completely routed near Lustchoff on August 28, and that 100 officers and 4,000 soldiers were taken prisoners.

The official statement adds that the commander of the Austrian division, the commander of a brigade, and the chief of staff of the division were killed. Of the 4,000 men made prisoners, 600 had been wounded.

The Russians also captured 20 guns and the flag of the Sixty-fifth Austrian regiment.

German Advance Continues.

London.—Brief messages received here Thursday indicate the German army in the north of France is fighting its way step by step toward Paris.

An official dispatch from Paris says that German cavalry marching on the forest of Compiègne were defeated by English troops, who took ten cannons.

This same dispatch admits that another German cavalry force has pushed as far as the Solissons-Anizy-Le Cateau line.

Tells of Allies' Victory. Emigrants in Paris from Crepy-en-Valois, in the department of Oise, 23 miles southeast of Compiègne, report that the Germans were crushed near there and that piles of bodies were lying yard high. A sergeant wounded near Compiègne, declares he saw the annihilation of an entire German division by the French artillery.

Another report says 12,000 Germans were lost in the battle.

The messages indicate a further marked advance of the Germans. Previous reports had them fighting at La Fere, in the department of Aisne, about seventy miles from Paris. Compiègne is little more than forty miles from Paris, in the department of Oise, which is just north of the department of the Seine, in which Paris is located.

Fighting All Along Line. The official press bureau in London on Thursday issued the following statement:

"Continuous fighting has been in progress all along almost the whole line of battle. The British cavalry engaged with distinction the cavalry of the enemy and brushed them back and captured ten guns.

"The French army has continued the offensive and gained ground in the Lorraine district."

German Attack on Belfort. The great fortresses of Belfort have been attacked, according to a dispatch to the Standard from Geneva, by a great force of German artillery, and after three days of the most desperate onslaught the fortress was still holding out.

This is the first news that Belfort itself was under attack, and the news from Paris indicates the French right has retired behind the fortress under cover of its guns.

Crown Prince Is Beaten? A belated official report from Paris asserts that the army of the German crown prince, which attacked the center of the line of defense, has been defeated.

It is reported that, worn to exhaustion by many days of continuous marching and by their appalling losses, the Germans, under orders of the kaiser, concentrated all their strength to crush the left wing of the army of the allies.

The allies' lines were strongly reinforced and reserve forces stationed behind the British and French troops in the positions they have assumed to halt the German advance.

French Continue to Retreat. Paris.—The German advance on Paris in the region of Reims was arrested momentarily. It was announced Wednesday, the left wing of the allies retreated a short distance south and southwest to avoid a battle with the foe under unfavorable conditions, and the center and right wings were holding the enemy at bay.

What Official Note Says. The official communication summarizing the action at the front given out by the war office follows:

"On our left the enveloping movement of the Germans has been continued, and on this account, in order not to be forced to accept a decisive engagement, which might have to be

fought under bad conditions, our troops have been withdrawn partly toward the south and partly toward the southwest.

"The engagement in the Reims district enabled our troops to check the enemy momentarily.

"In the center and on the right (the Woëvre, Lorraine and the Vosges) the situation remains unchanged."

Germans Face Hard Task. Discussing the situation at the front, an army captain, whose name is withheld, said:

"The Germans are beginning to perceive that the march on Paris is not all. They are beginning to feel uneasy about the Russian march on Berlin."

"The reported withdrawal of troops from Belgium to the eastward is another proof of the failure of the famous plan of the Prussian general staff that it was only after conquering France that Germany should turn against Russia."

"Now that the French army has inflicted heavy defeats and losses on the Germans, if the left wing of the enemy gains ground the imperial troops will be at a disadvantage everywhere else."

London Hears Little. London.—News of the Russian advance in east Prussia and Austrian Galicia was of a mixed character. Reports emanating from a number of sources were of a contradictory nature.

A Rome dispatch says the Russian victory over the Austrians on the Galician side was brilliant, the right wing of the Austrian army having been decisively turned and cut to pieces, leaving 30,000 prisoners in the hands of the victors.

Russians Defeat Allied Forces. On the Vistula front, when the Russians encountered the Austrian left wing, the result was somewhat uncertain, but the arrival of important reinforcements enabled the Russians to take a vigorous offensive and repulse the enemy. They captured a large number of pieces of artillery.

The Russians, the dispatch adds, executed many bayonet charges against the Austrians, which had a large share in deciding the issue of the battle. Elsewhere the Germans, endeavoring to effect a junction with the Austrians, sought to meet the Russian attack with a counter offensive, but were repulsed with losses.

Six Pages of Casualties. The League.—The casualty lists in the Berlin newspapers are appalling. There are six full pages of names in the official newspaper. The city is one of mourning.

Britain Gets 100,000 Men. London.—The first hundred thousand recruits who responded to Lord Kitchener's appeal have gone into training in various parts of the country and men now are enrolling at a much quicker rate for the second 100,000.

In London alone 10,000 joined the colors in two days, while the response in the provinces has been equally gratifying. In Birmingham the recruiting is particularly brisk, the lord mayor, Col. Ernest Martin, has resigned his office and volunteered for foreign service.

Aviators Drop Bombs. Paris, Sept. 4.—A German aeroplane flew over Swiss territory and threw bombs on the city of Belfort, France. No serious damage was done.

Death List Is Appalling. London.—The Standard's Paris correspondent in a telegram says that the losses of the French northern army, which has been operating in Belgium and between Paris and the Franco-Belgian frontier, are estimated at about one hundred thousand killed, wounded and missing.

It is assumed that the majority of the missing are dead and the total number of dead is said to exceed 30,000.

The German losses cannot be estimated with the same probability of accuracy, but it is thought that the German forces opposing this part of the French army must have lost fully one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom between 25,000 and 30,000 are estimated to have been killed.

Japanese Lose Vessel. Tokyo.—The commander of the Japanese second squadron has reported to the navy department that a Japanese destroyer has run aground in Kiauchau bay. It has been impossible to float the vessel, but the crew has been taken off.

SAYS GERMANS HALT ADVANCE OF GERMANS LIKE MOVING FORWARD OF NATION

French War Office Claims a Victory That Is of Great Importance.

NOT OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED

Advices From Berlin Claim the Kaiser's Troops Are Successfully Opposing the Advance of the Russians on Berlin.

London, Sept. 9.—The official press bureau of the war office issued the following statement:

"General Joffre's plans are being steadily carried out. The allied forces, acting on the offensive, have been successful in checking and forcing back in a northeast direction the German forces opposed to them."

A telegram from Gen. Paul Pau of the French army announces that the German Imperial Guard has been annihilated at Precy-sur-Oise, 25 miles north of Paris.

Amsterdam sends word that General Joffre has turned the German flank in Belgium, the Germans consequently retreating precipitately from Lille.

And the Belgians are reported to have driven the Germans in disorder from Vilvoorde, 1,000 Teutonic dead being left on the field.

The Germans have been forced around so that they are now fighting with their backs toward Paris. The vanguard, it is said, has been cut off from the main body and now is trying to effect a junction with the Bavarian army, which is seeking to invade France from Alsace.

The German vanguard is in retreat from Paris, and is harassed by French artillery and cavalry, re-enforced by French infantry on the rear. Shells from the French guns, it is declared, are playing havoc with the rear ranks of the invaders.

This retreat does not affect the entire German army, however, for a general engagement is in progress along a line extending from Nanteuil to Verdun, a distance of 130 miles.

Deny Lemberg Has Fallen. London, Sept. 9.—The following official German report was received by the Marconi company from Berlin:

"The Kaiser was present at the attack on the fortifications at Nancy and witnessed the opening of the engagement. Two forts at Mauberge have fallen. Heavy artillery fire was directed against the town, which is now burning at several points.

"General Quartermaster von Stein reports as follows from headquarters: 'From papers which have fallen into our hands it is evident that the appearance to the north of the Belgian Meuse of the armies commanded by General Kluck and General Buelow considerably surprised the enemy, who even as late as August 17 believed that only German cavalry was situated there. This is evidence of the splendid covering movement of the cavalry led by General von der Marwitz.'

"The losses suffered by the British up to the present moment have been stated to be 400 men, but they now officially admit their loss to be 10,000 men."

"The German troops are bombarding Fort Termonde, northwest of Brussels."

"The Russian report of the battle at Lemberg and their successful occupation of the town is untrue. The open town of Lemberg has been voluntarily evacuated by the Austrian troops, who refrained from fighting for strategic and humanitarian reasons."

Jap Warships Driven Away. Tientsin, Sept. 9.—The Japanese warships were compelled to withdraw from Tsing Tiao when the big guns of the German forts opened fire on them. Jap reports state that the German officers and soldiers at Tsing Tiao are on the verge of mutiny because of Commander Waldeck's order to defend Kiauchau until the last German is killed.

More Foes for Kaiser? London, Sept. 9.—The strained relations between Italy and her former allies in the triple alliance have been greatly aggravated during the last three days, and the addition of Italy and Spain to the oncoming of the Kaiser is expected momentarily, according to a Bordeaux dispatch to the Chronicle.

Russians Claim Victory. Petrograd, Sept. 9.—An official statement of the war office says:

"The Russian army corps between the River Vistula and the River Bug are retreating with enormous losses. The resistance of the enemy has been broken. There are evidences of a famine in Austria."

Plans to Invade Russia. London, Sept. 9.—The Kaiser is building two Zeppelins a week and is holding in reserve fully one hundred air craft of this type. Unless the German army meets with unexpected reverses, necessitating a change in the Kaiser's plans, all these airships will be used for the invasion of Russia.

The Kaiser's purpose is to march against the czar when the winter sets in. A vigorous campaign carried into Russian territory is planned, not only to combat the Russian advance now under way but to drive back the Cossacks and occupy large extents of Russian territory.

By PHILIP GIBBS.

Paris.—When I escaped from Amiens, before the tunnel was broken up, and the Germans entered into possession of the town on August 23, the front of the allied armies was in a crescent from Abbeville, south of Amiens on wooded heights, and thence in an irregular line to south of Mezieres.

The British forces, under Sir John French, were at the left of the center, supporting the heavy thrust forward of the main German advance, while the right was commanded by General Pau.

A Million on the Move. On Sunday afternoon fighting was resumed along the whole line. The German vanguard by this time had been supported by a fresh army corps, which had been brought from Belgium.

At least 1,000,000 men were on the move, pressing upon the allied forces with a ferocity of attack which has never before been equaled. Their cavalry swept across a great tract of country, squadron by squadron, like the mounted hordes of Attila, but armed with the dreadful weapons of modern warfare.

Their artillery was in enormous numbers and their columns advanced under cover of it, not like an army, but rather like a moving nation—I do not think, however, with equal pressure at all parts of the line. It formed itself into a battering ram with a pointed end and this was thrust at the heart of the English wing.

Impossible to Resist. It was impossible to resist this onslaught. If the British forces had stood against it they would have been crushed and broken. Our gunners were magnificent and shelled the advancing German columns so that the dead lay heaped up along the way which was leading down to Paris; but, as one of them told me:

"It made no manner of difference. As soon as we had smashed one lot, another followed, column after column, and by sheer weight of numbers. We could do nothing to check them."

After this the British forces fell back, fighting all the time. The line of the allies was in the shape of a "V"; the Germans thrust their main attack deep into the angle. This position remained the same until Monday, or rather had completed itself by that date, the retirement of the troops being maintained with masterly skill and without undue haste.

River Choked With Dead. Meanwhile General Pau was sustaining a terrific attack on the French center by the German left center, which culminated on (date omitted). The River Oise, which runs between beautiful meadows, was choked with corpses and red with blood.

From an eye witness of this great battle, an officer of an infantry regiment who escaped with a slight wound, I learned that the German onslaught had been repelled by a series of brilliant bayonet and cavalry charges.

"The Germans," he said, "had the elite of their army engaged against us, including the Tenth army corps and the Imperial guard, but the heroism of our troops was sublime. Every man knew that the safety of France depended upon him and was ready to sacrifice his life, if need be, with joyful enthusiasm."

Gave Great Punishment. They not only resisted the enemy's attack, but took the offensive, and, in spite of their overpowering numbers, gave them tremendous punishment. They had to recoil before our guns.

"Hundreds of them were bayoneted and hundreds were hurled into the river. The whole field of battle was outlined by dead and dying men whom they had to abandon. Certainly their losses were enormous, and I felt that the German retreat was in full swing and that we could claim a real victory for the time being."

Pau Compelled to Yield. Nevertheless the inevitable happened, owing to the vast reserves of the enemy, who brought up four divisions, and General Pau was compelled to give ground.

On Tuesday German skirmishers with light artillery were coming southward, and the sound of their field guns greeted my ears. Presently I saw the figure of a French dragon, with his carbine slung behind his back. He was standing by the side of a number of gunpowder bags. A little farther away were little groups of soldiers at work by two bridges, one over a stream and one over a road. They were working very calmly and I could see what they were doing. They were mining the bridges to blow them up at a given signal.

As I went farther I saw the streets were strewn with broken bottles and littered with wire entanglements, artfully and carefully made.

Trap for German Army. It was obvious that there was very grim business being done and that the soldiers were waiting for something to happen. At the railway station I quickly learned the truth. The Germans were only a few miles away in great force. At any moment they might come down, smashing everything in their way.

The station master, a brave old type, and one or two porters, had demanded to stay on to the last.

"We are here," he said, as though the Germans would have to reckon with him, but he was emphatic in his request for me to leave at once if another train could be got away, which was very uncertain.

As a matter of fact, after a bad quarter of an hour I was put on the last train to escape from this threatened town, and left it with the sound of German guns in my ears, followed by a dull explosion when the bridge behind me was blown up.

Escape Narrowly. My train, in which there were only four other men, skirted the German army and by a twist in the line almost ran into the enemy's country, but we rushed through the night, and the engine driver laughed and put his oily hand up to salute when I stopped out to the platform of an unknown station.

"The Germans won't get us, after all," he said. "It was a little risky, all the same."

The station was crowded with French soldiers, and they were soon telling me their experiences of the hard fighting in which they had been engaged. They were dirty, unshaven, dusty from head to foot, scorched by the August sun, in tattered uniforms and broken boots; but they were beautiful men for all their dirt, and the laughing courage, quiet confidence and unbragging simplicity with which they assured me that the Germans would soon be caught in a death trap and sent to their destruction filled me with admiration which I cannot express in words.

All the odds were against them. They had fought the hardest of all actions—the retirement from the fighting line—but they had absolute faith in the ultimate success of the allied arms.

Germans Are Reckless. London.—A Chronicle correspondent writing from an unnamed town says: "The Germans are displaying extraordinary recklessness, flinging away thousands of lives in the hope of ultimately gaining their end. No doubt the rapid advance of the Russians in eastern Prussia has something to do with this, and is responsible for the frantic and insane haste which characterizes the German attempt in northern France to smash the thin khaki line which so valiantly bars the road toward Compiègne, Soissons and Paris."

"That stories of German atrocities are not one whit exaggerated may be gathered from the story told me by a sergeant who was wounded in the action near Mons Sunday a week ago."

"As he lay helpless on the ground and the German infantry swept by he could hear, from the imploring cries of the wounded in his front, that they were being ruthlessly put to death by their foes."

Ordeal Is Terrible. "Closing his eyes and awaiting death, the wounded sergeant lay perfectly still. As the Germans passed him he received a violent blow in the chest from the butt end of a rifle which broke one of his ribs. He bore the pain unflinchingly and never moved a muscle. Another Prussian stabbed a wounded man with his bayonet as he went past."

"The sergeant's ordeal was a terrible one and he expected every moment to be his last. Ultimately the German advance was broken and their infantry came rolling back, shattered and disordered, leaving behind a trail of dead and wounded. The wounded sergeant was picked up by British stretcher bearers and conveyed to the base hospital, where he is now fast recovering."

English Are Cheerful. "Freshly arrived troops from England, who had been pushed forward, arrived in time to participate in the battle. These British reinforcements had been carrying out strategic movements in troops trains for several days, and in the expressive phraseology of Tommy Atkins, 'they were fed up with the whole thing' and were all eager for a brush with the enemy."

Their chance came yesterday. Many were reserves with South African experience, and they marched to the front cheering the French and grovelling for William the Weed, somewhat confusing the emperor with William (of Wied) of Albania, French and English flags were borne at the head of each company.

"They were in fine fettle. 'Are we downhearted?' would shout some one from the ranks, 'no, but William the Weed will be downhearted by this time we finish with him.'"

French Kind, Says Dying German. Paris.—The American embassy here is daily in receipt of letters written by dying soldiers, forwarded to by the French government for transmission to Germany.

One is from a German aviator, who had fallen into the hands of the French. The man wrote:

"Good-by dear father and mother; my leg has been crushed. The French officers are very kind."

A postscript to this letter, added by a French officer, reads:

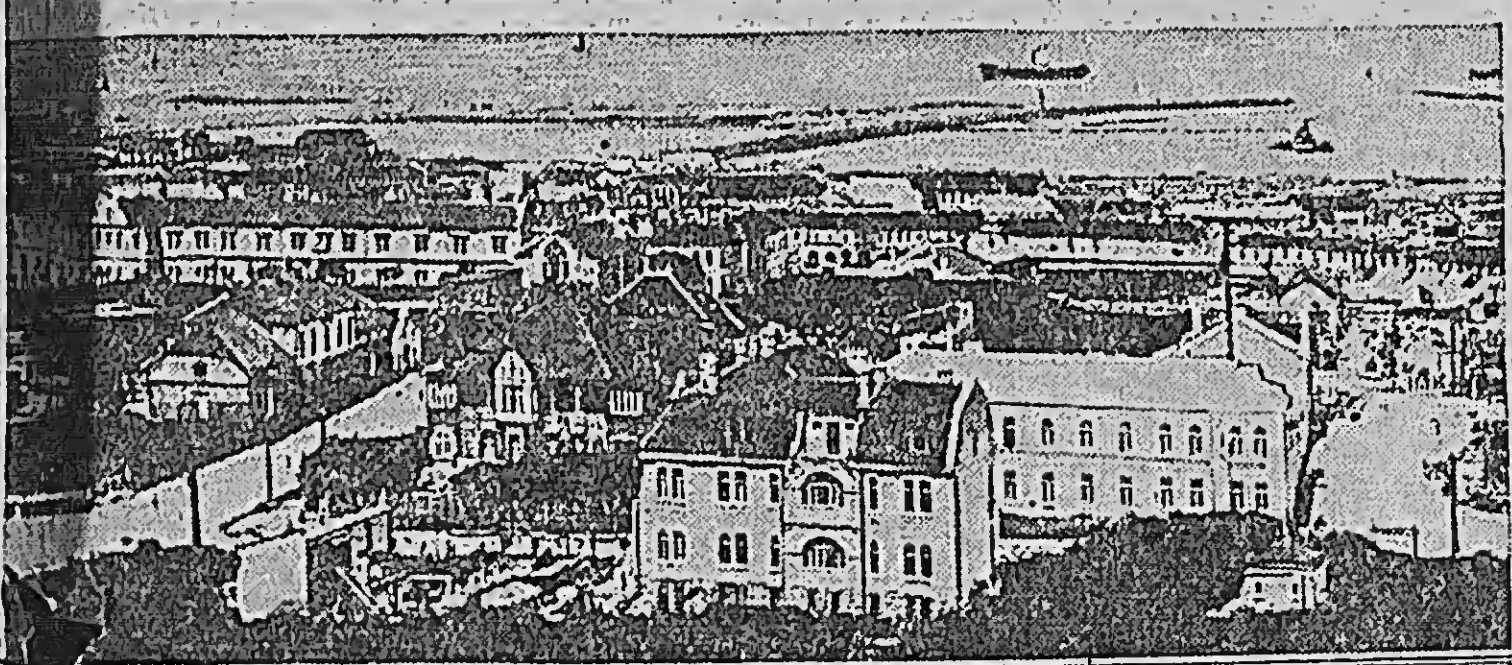
"At this point the brave fellow died; please forward this to his parents."

Man Germany Honored a Hostage. Paris.—The Petit Parisien points out the irony in the case of M. Ernst Solvay, who with Baron Lambert de Rothschild was taken as a hostage at Brussels. The paper says that Solvay, who is well known for his invention of a process by which soda can be bought at an extremely cheap price, was recently highly honored by European nations. Germany conferred on Solvay one of its highest honors, the gold medal of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin.

BELGIAN ARTILLERY ABOUT TO ENTER ACTION AT DIEST

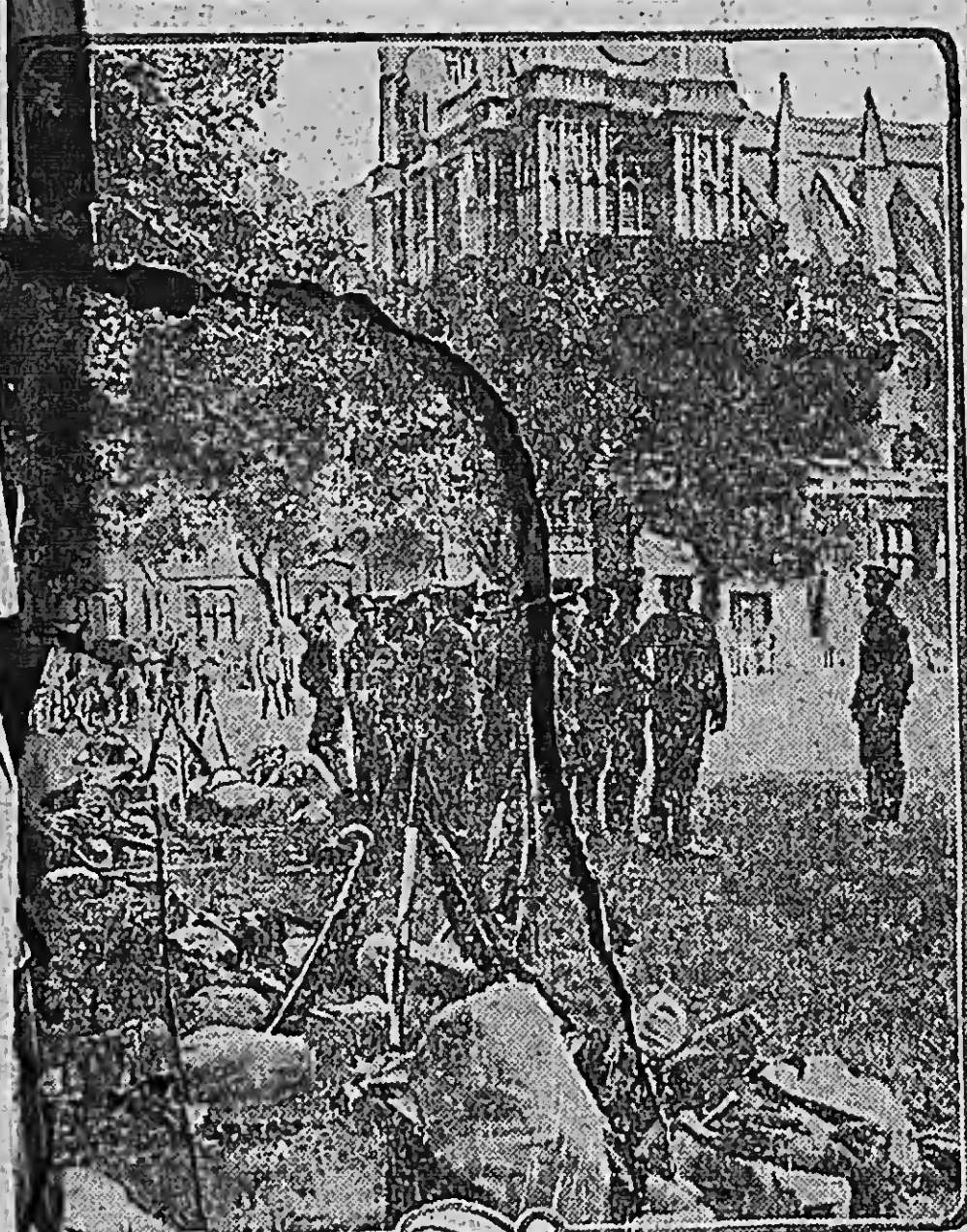


WHERE JAPANESE ARE ATTACKING THE GERMANS



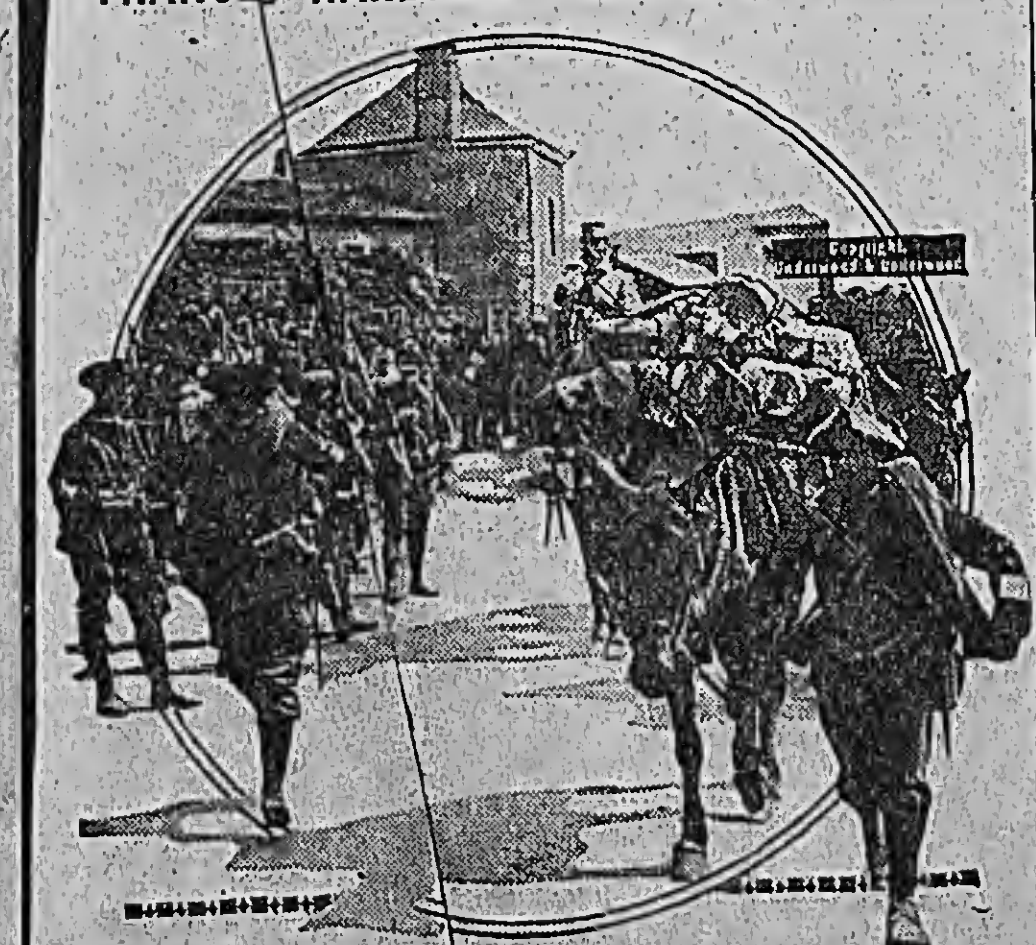
View of the city and harbor of Tsingtau, the seaport of Kiauchow, Germany's city in China the quitting of by the kaiser was demanded by Japan.

DEANS' YARD A MILITARY CAMP



The famous Deans' yard of Westminster abbey utilized as a camp for troops arriving in London on their way to the continent.

FRANCES HARDEST TROOPS ON MARCH



These are some of the French mountain and alpine guides in heavy marching order and on their way to the front.

ASKS BIG WAR TAX

PRESIDENT IN MESSAGE TO CONGRESS ASKS \$100,000,000 MORE REVENUE.

MUST SUSTAIN BUSINESS

Nation's Chief Executive Declares Additional Revenue Is Needed and Nature of Impost Is Left to Lawmakers—Pleads for Prompt Action.

Washington, Sept. 7.—In the presence of crowded galleries and practically a full attendance of the two houses, President Wilson read his message before a joint session of the senate and house held in the house chamber on Friday advocating emergency revenue legislation to replace the losses caused by decreasing customs duties during the European war period. The address of the president follows in part:

"Gentlemen of the Congress: I come to you to discharge a duty which I wish with all my heart I might have been spared; but it is a duty which is very clear, and, therefore, I perform it without hesitation or apology. I come to advise very earnestly that additional revenue be provided for the government.

"During the month of August there was, as compared with the corresponding month of last year, a falling off of \$10,629,538 in the revenues collected from customs. A continuation of this decrease in the same proportion throughout the current fiscal year would probably mean a loss of customs revenues of from sixty to one hundred millions. I need not tell you to what this falling off is due. It is due, in chief part, not to the reductions recently made in the customs duties but to the great decrease in importations; and that is due to the extraordinary extent of the industrial area affected by the present war in Europe. Conditions have arisen which no man fore-saw; they affect the whole world of commerce and economic production; and they must be faced and dealt with.

"It would be very unwise to postpone dealing with them. The treasury itself could get along for a considerable period, no doubt, without immediate resort to new sources of taxation. But at what cost to the business of the community?

"Approximately \$75,000,000, a large part of the present treasury balance, is now on deposit with national banks distributed throughout the country. It is deposited, of course, on call. I need not point to you what the probable consequences of inconvenience and distress and confusion would be if the diminishing income of the treasury should make it necessary rapidly to withdraw these deposits. And yet without additional revenue that plainly might become necessary and the time when it became necessary could not be controlled or determined by the convenience of the business of the country. It would be determined by the operations and necessities of the treasury itself.

"Such risks are not necessary and ought not to be run. We cannot too scrupulously or carefully safeguard a financial situation which is at best, while war continues in Europe, difficult and abnormal. Hesitation and delay are the worst forms of bad policy under such conditions.

"And we ought not to borrow. We ought to resort to taxation, however. The country is able to pay any just and reasonable taxes without distress. The people of this country are both intelligent and profoundly patriotic. They are ready to meet the present conditions in the right way and to support the government with generous self-denial. They know and understand, and will be intolerant only of those who dodge responsibility or are not frank with them.

"The occasion is not of our own making. We had no part in making it. But it is here. It affects us as directly and palpably almost as if we were participants in the circumstances which gave rise to it. We must accept the inevitable with calm judgment and unflinching spirit, like men accustomed to deal with the unexpected, habituated to take care of themselves, masters of their own affairs and their own fortunes. We shall pay the bill, though we did not deliberately incur it.

"In order to meet every demand upon the treasury without delay or peradventure and in order to keep the treasury strong, unquestionably strong, and strong throughout the present anxieties, I respectfully urge that an additional revenue of \$100,000,000 be raised through internal taxes devised in your wisdom to meet the emergency. The only suggestion I take the liberty of making is that such sources of revenues be chosen and will begin to yield at once and yield with a certain and constant flow.

The president concluded his message at 12:42 o'clock.

Firm Falls; Owes Million.

New York, Sept. 7.—A petition in bankruptcy with liabilities listed at more than a million dollars was filed in the federal district court by Carl F. Boker and Norman N. Boker & Co., dealers in metal and hardware.

May Wheat Reaches \$1.31.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—May wheat reached the highest point in years when it was forced up to \$1.31. The price was \$1.25 1/2 when the market opened and this gradually advanced. The scene in the pit was exciting.

BENEDICT XV



ARCHBISHOP OF BOLOGNA ELECTED TO SUCCEED PIUS

New Pope Assumes Title of Benedict XV.

CHOSEN ON NINTH BALLOT

Cardinal Giacomo Della Chiesa, Only Recently Given Red Hat, Is Chosen Supreme Head of Roman Church.

Rome, Italy.—Cardinal Giacomo Della Chiesa, archbishop of Bologna, Italy, on Thursday was elected supreme pontiff of the Catholic hierarchy in succession to Pope Pius X, who died August 20. He will reign under the name of Benedict XV.

The conclave of the sacred college, whose duty it is to elect the pope, went into session this evening of Monday, August 31. The announcement of the outcome of its deliberations was made Thursday morning shortly after eleven o'clock. Nine ballots were taken.

The pontiff pronounced the apostolic benediction to the kneeling crowd.

Prelates Who Name the Pope.

The full membership of the sacred college of cardinals, which elected the pope, was more international in its representation than at any time in the history of the church.

With the creation of thirteen new cardinals in May, Pope Pius X brought the college up to 66, only four fewer than the maximum number allowed under the laws of the church and three more than participated in his own election in 1903, when there was a record attendance of 63 cardinals.

Nearly All Nations Represented.

While the sacred college is not a representative body in a strict sense of the word, this year nearly all the countries were represented. South America, the United States, Canada, England, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, France and Spain—14 nations in all. The Orient has no cardinal, neither has Russia, Africa, Australasia or Switzerland.

Twenty of the present cardinals are from five of the warring nations of Europe: Austria-Hungary having six and Germany two, as against a total of twelve, which might be said to represent the "allies" in the European war.

Facts About the New Pope.

Cardinal Giacomo Della Chiesa, who succeeded Pope Pius X, who died August 20, was created a cardinal May 25, 1914. He is the archbishop of Bologna, Italy.

Cardinal Chiesa was born in Pegli, in the diocese of Genoa, November 21, 1854, and was ordained a priest December 21, 1878. He served as secretary of the nunciature in Spain from 1883 to 1887, in which year he was appointed secretary to the late Cardinal Rampolla. He was appointed substitute secretary of state in 1901 and in 1907 he was elected to the post of advisor to the holy office.

Officially Condemns Tango.

In 1907 he was appointed papal nuncio of Madrid, succeeding Mgr. Rinaldini, but this appointment was

canceled three days later. This incident had occurred just before he was made archbishop of Bologna. When Mgr. Della Chiesa was given this post it was declared in Rome that it was mainly with the object of combating modern religious ideas, Bologna being the headquarters of the National Democratic league, whose members advocated what is known as "modernism" in religion.

In January, 1914, while still at Bologna, the present pope issued a pastoral letter strongly condemning the tango.

Takes Title of Benedict.

It has been 174 years since the time of the last Pope Benedict. On his election to the papacy in 1740 Cardinal Prospero Lambertini assumed that title. It is an interesting fact that the new pope was archbishop of Bologna, while Pope Benedict XIV was born in Bologna.

It was at the age of twenty-four that the new pope was ordained in the priesthood. He soon attracted the attention of Cardinal Rampolla, later secretary of state for Pope Leo XIII. When Cardinal Rampolla was made nuncio to Madrid he took Mgr. Della Chiesa with him as secretary of nunciature.

On Cardinal Rampolla's return to Rome to become secretary of state for the Vatican, Mgr. Della Chiesa entered the secretariat of state as one of the "minutanti" or minor officials, until 1901, when he was appointed substitute of the secretariat and also secretary of the cypher.

Made Bologna Archbishop.

As secretary to the secretary of state, Cardinal Della Chiesa was brought into notable prominence throughout the Catholic hierarchy, but his position was not at that time of cardinal rank. On the accession of Pope Pius X, Mgr. Della Chiesa continued in the secretariat until December 16, 1907, when Pius X gave him a noted promotion to the position of archbishop of the important see of Bologna.

For seven years he administered the see of Bologna with notable success, until on last May Pope Pius X named him as one of the 13 members of the hierarchy to receive the red hat. Archbishop Benign of Quebec was among the other cardinals named at that time, the others being prelates of Spain, France, Austria, Germany and Italy.

The full title of the new pope, in addition to Benedict XV, will be Pope Bishop of Rome and Successor of St. Peter, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of the Temporal Dominion of the Holy Roman Church.

The pope held his first consistory on Tuesday, when he conferred the red hat on Cardinal Anthony Mendes Bello, patriarch of Lisbon, and Cardinal Guiseppe Menendez, archbishop of Toledo, Spain. Both were created cardinals by Pope Pius X at the consistory last May.

The pope delivered on Tuesday his first allocution, which gives to the world the program of his pontificate.

One of the brothers of the pontiff is an admiral in the Italian navy, and another is a captain in the Italian navy. The first appointment made by the pope was that of Monsignor Parolla, nephew of Pius X, to be canon of St. Peter's.

It has been 174 years since the time of the last Pope Benedict. On his election to the papacy in 1740 Cardinal Prospero Lambertini assumed that title. It is an interesting fact that the new pope was archbishop of Bologna, while Pope Benedict XIV was born in Bologna.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

C. B. Hamlin and family spent Sunday at Grayslake.

Work on the new state road is going on as rapidly as possible.

Our hotels were taxed to their full capacity over Labor day.

Walter Daniels was a Waukegan visitor the first of the week.

Henry Thayer and wife of Gurnee, visited his brother E. Thayer Monday.

George Mitchell and Ray Kerr spent a few days recently near Madison on a fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Gray and son of Chicago were over Sunday guests of relatives here.

Frank Hall and wife of Englewood spent the first of the week at the Sherwood home.

Mrs. Gard of Washington is visiting friends here. Mr. Gard was a pastor here some years ago.

Mrs. Dawson and son of Cicero, Ill., are spending this week with the Shepherdson and Rowling families.

Jas. Atwell and wife went to Maywood Saturday to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Glasser.

The conditions of H. Potter remains about the same. Dr. Hazelton of Chicago was out for consultation last week.

Mrs. E. Thayer has just returned from Evanston, where she has been visiting her sister and other relatives.

Miss Fannie Gormley and niece of Chicago returned to their home last week after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. Knappe.

The Angola Cemetery society will hold its third quarterly meeting with Mrs. C. B. Hamlin on Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 2 o'clock sharp.

O. S. Hughes and wife of Lake Bluff, Mrs. Erma Strang of Millburn and Leola Hughes of Antioch spent Monday with their mother, Mrs. Anna Hughes.

Mrs. W. J. Sehora and children returned last week from a three week's visit with relatives at Junction City, Wis. Mr. Sehora joined her for a few days.

BRISTOL

Miss Sadie Carpenter of Chicago is visiting at the home of Wm. Foulke.

W. A. Rawnbotten entertained company from Chicago over Labor day.

Mrs. Wm. Foulke spent the fore part of the week with Mrs. H. Hockney of Milwaukee.

School opened in district no. 3 of this village with Miss MacFrisbie as principal and Miss Sbit in charge of the primary room.

Miss Jean Murdock commenced her duties as teacher in the 3rd and 4th grade at Kenosha Heights on Tuesday morning of this week.

Leo and Leith McVicar, Frank Stephens and Clyde Jackson left early Sunday morning in an automobile for a weeks hunting trip in Northern Wisconsin.

Mrs. Edwin Thom and children returned home on Tuesday of this week after spending the past month with Mrs. Thom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cornwell of Colma, Michigan.

Sale on Farm Implements

We are going to offer our stock of Implements, including riding plows, walking plows, seeders, disc harrow, etc., and also buggies and a number of articles at a price that will enable you to invest and have it to use this fall and be ready for next spring's work.

Sale will commence September 1st and continue through September or until stock is sold.

See our line of stoves before buying, we have them ready for the cool weather soon to come.

Plenty of Binding Twine For Fall Use

E. L. WALD & CO.

Lake Villa Illinois

SILVER LAKE

Mrs. Chas. Schulz was here Monday. Mrs. Rhebe was in Milwaukee several days.

Mrs. Dewitt Dixon was on the sick this week.

Mrs. Wallace Dobyns was canvassing here Monday.

Hazel Hartnell was a Burlington visitor Wednesday.

Miss Rohr of Brown's Lake was in the village Monday.

Mrs. Salvin and Myrtle spent several days at Stevens Point.

Mrs. Gus Johnson and Albertine were Bessett visitor Tuesday.

Miss Lillian Fink went to Kenosha Thursday to have her eyes tested.

Mrs. Geo. Selby visited at Chas. Schulz's in Brighton this week.

Mrs. Albertine Johnson returned home Monday from a visit in Chicago.

Will Tesch, wife and daughter of Henry visited at Dewitt Dixons' Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin and son of Chicago were Sunday guests at F. H. Schenning's.

SALEM

Fred Fox has moved into Mrs. Powell's house.

Mrs. A. Burdick visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy.

Chas. Deppe and wife are visiting relatives in Waukesha this week.

R. Bundy and wife and Mrs. VanWie left last of the week for Eau Claire.

Mrs. C. Pfeiler and daughters and Vera Burdick returned to Chicago last week.

Several from here attended the crystal wedding Monday night at F. Merans.

The funeral Miss Maggie Bryant was held at the home of her brother, Jas. Bryant Thursday.

Mrs. Geo. Smith of Galesburg, Ill., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Foster, who have moved into Mrs. Barnes' house.

The schools opened Tuesday with the Misses Burns and Hope teachers of Salem Center and Miss Jones in the Paddock district.

HICKORY

Marie Petersen is spending the week at Burlington.

Miss Minnie Berfield of Zion City is visiting at D. Pullen's.

Agnes Pedersen spent last week with her sister Mrs. Taft at Loon Lake.

Mrs. E. A. Mann and Harvey of Hebron visited Sunday at A. T. Savage's.

The Cemetery society will meet next week Thursday afternoon at the church as usual. All are invited.

Real Diplomacy.

Diplomacy is the art of getting somewhere when you appear to be going nowhere.—Smart Set.

RUSSELL

Claude Nellis spent Labor day at home.

Roy Jackson called on friends here Saturday.

George Wilson is visiting his parents at Oshkosh.

There will be races at Russell, Sunday, Sept. 13.

Miss Vera Silver spent a couple of days at Waukegan.

Many from here attended the Libertyville fair Thursday.

Wm. Gleason and wife are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Mrs. Corra entertained company from Oak Park over Sunday.

R. B. Dixon and family of Gurnee called on friends here Sunday.

Quite a few attended the meeting on Friday. County Captain Cook and family of Waukegan were the entertainers.

Clock Had Opened.

A little girl four and one-half years old was asked by her mother to report on the position of the hands of the clock. "Shut tight," she explained, the time being nearly noon. "Oh, come and see, mamma," she exclaimed later. "The clock is wide open now."

Sunday School's Unique Record.

Scholars of Lowes (Eng.) Baptist Sunday school have established a remarkable record for attendance. One and Joseph Hlook, has not been absent or late for fourteen years, while a girl, Minnie Langridge, has thirteen years' perfect attendance to her credit. Four others have made eight years' complete attendance, one seven years, seven six years and three five years. Thus seventeen scholars have an aggregate of 123 years' unbroken attendance between them.

She Wanted a Variety.

"You know, madam," said the seedman, "you don't have to plant your potatoes whole; you can cut them up in small pieces." "Yes, I know," said Mrs. Newell, "that might do very well if we always wanted to raise potatoes for Lyonnais or for mashing, but we should probably desire to have potatoes served whole now and then."

Was His Time to Die.

Struck by lightning, which was attracted by his umbrella, a German tourist met his end in the canton of Appenzel, Switzerland. He carefully avoided the trees, and lay down in the middle of a field, but opened his umbrella to protect himself from the rain. The lightning struck the umbrella, and when the storm passed over he was found lying dead in the field.

How Emotion Affects the Heart.

Violent physical exertion of any kind quickens the heart beats. Strong emotion has the same effect. Intense anger may increase the heart's labor from 150 pounds per minute to 225 pounds. Under such a strain the heart of an animal has been known to literally break, causing almost instant death.

All to His Credit.

"My dear," he said, "you are superb! To any man a credit. You'll be the reigning belle tonight." And he kissed her as he said it. "My love, I'm proud you like my clothes," with beaming heart she said it. "Because this party gown and wrap are also to your credit!"—Stray Topics.

Yest Aeroplane Armor.

One of the requirements of the American government for scout airplanes is that armor of chrome-steel one tenth of an inch thick must be carried to safeguard the engine and aviator. This armor is tested for penetration by the American Ordnance department before being placed on the machine.

His Condition.

Some little time ago a man was charged before an English magistrate with disorderly behavior. The police constable who had brought him to the station was asked if the prisoner had been intoxicated. "Well," replied Robert, "I can't say, your worship, that he was exactly drunk; but he was insufficiently otherwise."

Hard on Optimism.

Now some one who doubtless has made a careful study of the subject informs us that happiness depends almost entirely on having money when you need it and we'd like to know how we're going to live up to our resolution not to have any more moments of depression, or anyhow, not very many.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Humanity's Debt to Lower Animals.

Animals have played an important part in the eradication of human diseases. From the horse the antitoxin is prepared that saves thousands of children from diphtheria. From the cow the vaccine preparation for immunizing against smallpox is made. In Baltimore recently a child's sight was restored by using part of a pig's eye in the operation.

WHERE NO MAN PURSUETH

By RICHARD B. SHELDON.

(Copyright.)
Giant pines lined the roadway, filling the air with the odor of pitch which stewed from the crevices in their bark. It was a poor sort of roadway—scarcely more than a cart-track winding aimlessly down the hill. Pine needles lay scattered over it more or less thickly; but for all that, as two slouching figures came tramping down its many turns, a cloud of dust rose about them at every step. If it had been other than an unquented hyway, the two men would not have been travelling it. The dry, white glare of mid-day was several hours past, but the pitiless heat was no whit abated.

The two men paused for a moment beneath one of the pines, and drew their shirt sleeves across their dripping faces. They were not pleasant looking men.

Dust was all over them, and they were dirty and unkempt. The rhetoric of the two had little, gray eyes, which shifted uneasily behind lids red and swollen.

When they walked, he moved along a few paces to the rear of his companion. He had a way of peering sharply about him, as if he expected a surprise.

They rested for a time in silence beneath the pine. Then the taller man moved into the sun again.

"Come, on Billy," he said. "They ain't much further to go. We'll hit the spring up yonder a piece in the woods, an' stay there tonight."

They moved down the winding cart-path again. They came to a pair of bars, through which the man in the lead turned. Across a field, where sorrel and milkweed held undisputed sway, they went; then down an alder-lined hillside, and into the fragrant shadows of the woods. Billy threw himself prone on the ground.

"You go find the spring if you want it, Jim," he said. "I'm goin' to lay right here."

"Humph! for a day takes holt of ye, don't it?" said Jim.

"Tain't humph!" said Billy. "It's thinkin' an' thinkin', hearin' that damn ol' tune all the time, an' somethin' allus a follerin' of me. I'm goin' to lay right here. You go find the spring if yer wantin'."

"They ain't no great hurry," said Jim as he sprawled beside Billy. "I'll go blimey."

He stretched himself comfortably and began to hum. At the sound of the humming Billy sat up.

"For God's sake, quit that! Hain't I heard it all day?"

"Oh, you git a-holt of yerself, Billy," the other conned. "It's the heat makes ye feel so. You'll be different when it rains."

"No, I shan't," Billy wailed.

"Won't never be no different. I keep hearin' it all the time."

Nancy Jane's a likely weach.

Hey-o, hey-o high-o!

Sue beside me on the bench.

Hey-o, hey-o high-o!

Jes' like that. O Lord—Lord!

"Here," said Jim, "here's a piece of tobacco. It's the last piece," he added as he passed it to Billy.

"Say, Jim," he said. "Was I drunk?"

"You was pretty well sot up," Jim admitted.

"'Twas all red an' groen round him," Billy went on. "Then I see his face a-sneerin' at me, an' heard him begin."

Nancy Jane's a likely—

Damn him! I never meant to till then. Dunno how I got the chair. Jes' got it an' up with it. The seat flew clean off, an' the rungs busted like paper. Lord, what a crack!

Sue beside me—

An' then he went down, gurglin' an' chokin' an' lookin'—

Billy began to snifle.

"That ain't no way to look at it," said Jim. "You 'ol Tom Hallat fit, an' you finished him. Good riddance to him, says folks. Oughter happened years ago. You git out, an' lay low awhile an' it's all right."

"I'm goin' back!" Jim yelled.

Billy moaned.

"Shut up!" said Jim harshly.

Jim, with his chin on his palms, watched the gloom of the woods deepen. The sound of deep, even breathing caught his ear. Billy slept.

"Ood, if 't would only rain," he said.

It might have been a prayer. He stretched face downward on the ground. Then he, too, slept.

He was awakened by a peal of thunder.

No answer. In the light of a lightning flash he saw he was alone. The following flash showed Billy running across the field to the road.

He started in pursuit, shouting Billy's name at the top of his voice.

He gained the road. The lightning flashes showed him he was running a losing race. From far down the road came a peal of uncanny laughter and snatches of ribald song.

Nancy Jane's a likely weach—

He felt cold shivers coursing down his back. His breath was nearly gone. Perspiration streamed into his eyes, blinding him.

"Billy!" he yelled. "Come back here! Blast yer fool soul! Come back!"

He sank breathless on to a stump by the roadway.

CLOSE-FISTED REYNOLDS

By GEORGE E. STREETER.

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One of the odd people of his town, and the subject of much discussion, was "close-fisted Reynolds," as he was called—a man supposed to be well-off, but looked upon as extremely mean. Like a lot of other folk, he had his good points, but was evidently much misunderstood.

Every man has a hobby, and that of James Reynolds related to the poor and needy. He had a theory (not quite his own) that the execution of the poor, by some painless method, would settle forever the whole question of pauperism.

If poverty were made a crime, punishable with death, a poor person would soon become a rarity. Such was his idea.

But as he found that the world, however anxious it might be to adopt such a drastic measure, was not yet quite ready to do so, he carefully considered other means.

Being strictly a theorist, he gave away nothing to the distressed, because he looked upon indiscriminate charity as a huge mistake, and considered the existing alms-giving organizations as dismal failures.

He was enthusiastic in the pursuit of knowledge or the poor and their habits.

When a hungry widow with eight or nine children called upon him, he would give them all a warm welcome, take down a big book, enter their names, ages, diseases, pedigree, etc., express the greatest sympathy; warn them against extravagance, and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; then promise the fullest investigation.

Mr. Reynolds was just as hearty in receiving a call from the ordinary tramp of the day. Such a one would be invited to a seat by the stove, and his history, secured by means of much questioning, would be entered into one of the books.

The caller would be asked for his views on the tariff, trusts, single tax, etc. After keeping the poor fellow on the rack until every tavern had been closed, Mr. Reynolds would send him out in the cold world, moneyless.

Reynolds, assisted by his wife, formed a "Girls Club," and got the members to practice scrubbing, sewing and other household pleasures, at his own home. He took down their names, etc., etc., and sent them away with his blessing. But this organization was short-lived.

One day there called at the Reynolds home a respectable dressed man, selling collar buttons. He was greeted by the owner as though he were a long-lost brother, and seated in one of the easiest chairs.

Mr. Reynolds got down to the seventeen volume of the "Mendicant Register," and asked the weary traveler all about his ancestors, his life, age, and so on, as usual; but when he wanted to weigh the peddler's latter evidently thought it time to call a halt. He plainly told his host that it was not the year for talking the census, intimating strongly, in oddly shaped sentences, that he was there entirely in the shirt-fastening interest.

Mr. Reynolds explained, by way of reply, that only the previous day he had bought no less than three collar buttons at the shop, which would last him for some months to come, and that his wife did not use such things.

He then started in to compare the present times with the days of the old Greeks and Romans, when they fastened their shirts with ropes. At this the collar button vendor got vexed and saw that he had been merely the victim of statistics.

His sense of humor being dull, he forthwith proceeded to handle "Brother Reynolds" rather roughly. Having placed the statistician on the floor, he sat on him, took away his watch and other valuables, and, after kicking the dog, departed.

In time the editor of the "Mendicant Register" came to himself. After adjusting his clothing he sat down to think things over.

Had he made a mistake? Was it true that his efforts to learn all about the poor—their troubles, their views and their aims—had been in vain?

The pugilistic collar-button salesman had told him some plain truths, and had brought them right home in a rather unpleasant manner.

As a result of a long, serious "think," Reynolds finally came to the conclusion that he would let the poor work out their own salvation. As for his books of record, he removed them to the cellar, and they were used as fuel for his furnace.

Slight Formalities.

"There's no use of you hanging around here unless you're willing to work," said the energetic woman.

"Lady," replied Plodding Pete, "I'm willing to work. But I belong to the Association of Industrious Inspectors."

"If you'll tell me what chores you want done and how much you'll pay, I'll go to town and ask our secretary to O. K. the contract. Only you'll have to advance me \$7.00 to pay the expenses of the trip."

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

By JULIE CARSON.

"I think," said Phyllis to her husband as they were packing their trunks preparatory to taking their annual vacation trip, "that I shall ask you to take care of the chickens while I am gone. I know that she will be glad to do that much for me and—"

"Well, inasmuch as she lives next door and has only to cross the yard to feed them and seeing that she will probably get about a dozen and a half eggs a day from them, I don't think that you are putting her regard to a very severe test," replied Phyllis's husband.

"I wonder, John Billingsby, why it is that packing always seems to have such a disagreeable effect upon you," commented Phyllis, as she watched him staring hopelessly at a bunch of neckties from which he was vainly trying to choose the best to put in his trunk. "You never seem to be able to pack a trunk without unpacking your bad temper at the same time. You know very well that Sue doesn't like chickens; she says that their habit of always eating makes her nervous, and as for the eggs, she would rather buy them at the store than get them at the cost of caring for the chickens."

"And have you thought whom you would indict that Angela kitten upon?" questioned her husband.

"Oh, that's all settled," declared Phyllis, triumphantly. "Ruth Comford is going to take the kitten. You know she adores cats, but her husband has an antipathy for them and won't let her have one, but he has consented to allow her to borrow mine while we are gone and Ruth is as happy as if she had come into the possession of a fortune and has promised me to treat me as her own. Ruth is really devoted to me and I think that if she has cats she would be just as conscientious in her care of my kitten, as out of pure friendship."

"Pure friendship!" echoed Phyllis, as he folded and unfolded again a white danna.

"Just Getting Acquainted."

cost that he had bought in a moment of reckless determination to make a trip the gayest one in his experience. "I'll be gayest to wage this war!" Sue will be so sick of the cat and Ruth so disgusted with the ways that they will be glad to see you back. It's a plan cannot go away on vacation, out unloading all their responsibilities and possessions on their friends neighbors. By the way, where you send our Kilmanshure rug? The worth more than a bushel of chickens and kittens."

"Oh, the rug is over in the Stevens' they were delighted to have it."

The next day the Billingsbys went on their way. At the end of three weeks they returned to find a room of tan on their faces, a layer of tan on their faces, a layer of tan on their faces, and in their hearts the desire of thankfulness to be back.

Mrs. Billingsby's first act was to go over to Sue's to get the key to the chicken coop.

"Oh, are you here, Sue?" said Sue with badly suppressed condescension and disapproval in her face. "I had just got a chicken used to my ways and in the next week I know I could have got wonders."

She yielded the key unwillingly and Mrs. Billingsby felt that her return was anything but welcome. She sadly looked up to the Comfort home, where a consoling consolation awaited her.

"Why, it's all right if you had just gone!" declared Ruth with an attempt to hide her many. "Why and I were just going to get a chicken, and she is so used to the new basket that I am sure she'll be quite unhappy if you take her away at once."

The vacillations on the floor of the Shaw's living room where the loaned rug was placed, was another reproach. The time Mrs. Billingsby reached home the gladness had faded from her face.

"They're so sorry to have me back," confessed, "and they made me feel a cruel impostor when I asked them to return of my own belongings."

"It's all right," commented Billingsby, "now warm and pure friendship for a year—for a very nice person I might—can be supplanted by an impossible affection for a chicken, or a kitten, or a rug. But at least you have your friends to the test and know the depth of their regard."—Chicago News.